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Rising Tory Star In Nova Scotia

BY MARCUS VAN STEEN

Canada's Homesick Expatriates

BY NATHAN COHEN

Grey Cup Or Bust!

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Pre-Christmas Book Reviews

Edited by
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THE FRONT PAGE

- **Prestige for Pearson and Canada**
- **Liberal Look at a Tory Problem**
- **The UN's Most Important Job**
- **Mandate for Leadership**

Star Ascendant

THERE are people in Ottawa who do not like Lester Bowles Pearson. They do not care for his impatience with the details of politicking, they envy his good press relations, they are irritated by his attitude of conscious eminence, and they don't like his bow-ties. And since some of these people speak with powerful voices in the deliberations of the Liberal party, Mr. Pearson's chance of succeeding to the party leadership has never seemed as good as that of, say, Finance Minister Harris. Besides, it is no secret that the External Affairs Minister has been more attracted by the diplomatic opportunities of a job with an international organization such as NATO or the UN than by the uncertain glory and less congenial labor of leading the Liberals and, probably, becoming Canada's Prime Minister.

But were a choice to be made today, it is difficult to see how Grit delegates could avoid picking Mr. Pearson. After his remarkable work at the United Nations this past month, no member of the St. Laurent cabinet stands so high in public esteem. He has had almost general praise in the press—and has earned it.

The tributes were sincere. The cool good sense of Prime Minister St. Laurent and his Minister for External Affairs, in a time of white-hot passion, not only reassured Canadians but gave Canada new international prestige. And the star of Lester Bowles Pearson never burned so bright.

From the Other Side

ALTHOUGH they have been careful not to make any public comment about the Conservative party's leadership problems, members of the Liberal Government have, of course, been keeping a close watch on developments, and several have expressed their private opinions. What is remarkable about these opinions is their unanimity. Here is a digest of them:

The Conservative parliamentary group emerged from the last session of Parliament with high morale and considerable optimism. But the Tory attack, effective and sustained through May and June, petered out badly towards the end of the session. As George Drew's energy waned, none of the Conservative MPs was able either to relieve Mr. Drew of any substantial portion of the load he carried or provide the same leadership and inspiration needed to maintain the tempo of the assault. As a result, the Government was able to regain the initiative it had lost during the pipeline debate and the subsequent hassle over the conduct of the Speaker.

L. B. Pearson: Cool in a crisis.

With Drew out of the way, then, the Liberals have little to fear from the remaining Tory members, who are able aides but not skilled commanders in a parliamentary offensive. This was the opinion before the long 1956 session; it was confirmed by what happened.

If the Conservatives go outside the parliamentary group for a leader, they could make things difficult for the Liberals—if they pick a man like Sidney Smith, whose name is known and respected and whose ability is recognized. He would be a fresh personality in politics; he could not be blamed for the sins of his predecessors but could take credit for the party's achievements; with the revived parliamentary group and a stronger organization to assist him, he could make a good run.

That's how the Liberals have it figured. Their hope is that the Tories make a sentimental rather than a logical choice.

What Lenin Said

IT IS next to impossible to embarrass a Communist, but it's fun to try, if only to watch how he slithers around the pitfalls of reason and conscience. If you happen to know a Communist, you can spend an interesting hour or so watching him get around this one:

In 1900 Lenin, the deity of Communism, wrote: "The Czarist Government not only keeps our people in slavery but sends it to suppress other people rising against their slavery (as was done in 1849 when Russian troops put down the revolution in Hungary)." The question to be answered: why should not "Soviet" be substituted for "Czarist" and "1956" for "1849"?

The Tumultuous Weeks

FEW things have been clear in the turbulent rush of history these past few weeks. The significance of much that has happened and is still happening will be obscure for many years. But some causes and effects of the tremendous events in Europe and the Middle East are as recognizable now as they ever will be.

The UN has been revealed, more grimly and starkly than ever before, as an inadequate instrument for preserving peace. The dangerous weakness of the military theory of dependence on nuclear weapons at the expense of conventional forces has been fully demonstrated. The two-power world has come to an end. The pleasant fiction of Commonwealth unity has been destroyed. The necessity for more clear thinking about what is meant by such terms as colonialism, nationalism and aggression has been bitterly emphasized.

The UN is too fine, too hopeful an idea to be allowed to wither and die. But let us not be deceived into wishful thinking by our hopes. As now constituted, the UN cannot preserve or enforce peace. The preservation of peace is the reason for its existence. We do not need a world agency to publish scholarly papers, to examine the dietary habits of undernourished tribes or to provide editors with masses of statistics. But we desperately need an agency which can resolve disputes between nations before those nations seek military solutions to their problems. As it is now, the UN is not such an agency, nor can it

Small wars must still be fought by men armed with conventional weapons.

become one under its present constitution.

There was much cheering when the UN apparently brought an end to fighting in Egypt. But it would be absurd to claim it as a victory for the UN. It was, rather, an inspired effort by Canada's Pearson to preserve as much as possible of the UN's tattered reputation and at the same time get Britain and France out of the mess they'd made for themselves. It must be remembered that it was British, French and Israeli frustration with the UN's inability to obtain political solutions to Middle East problems that drove them to try force. When Britain brought her dispute with Nasser before the Security Council, Russia stepped in with a veto. It will be recalled that only an accident saved the Americans from going to the help of the South Koreans without UN approval—the Soviet Union was not represented at the meeting that made the U.S. the agent of the UN, and therefore was not able to use the veto.

The 10,000-man international police force is only a small start towards the building of UN effectiveness. This body —it should not be called a force, because it lacks the power to enforce—is useful only when both sides in a dispute accept its authority. Could it have done anything in Hungary?

Speakers in the UN were quick to brand Israel, Britain and France as aggressors. Only occasionally was anything said about provocation, and not one of the angry moralists tried to define aggression. Nasser had defied the UN, mortgaged his country's future for Communist weapons, supplied and incited rebels throughout North Africa, seized an international waterway and openly worked towards the destruction of Israel. Was all this aggression? Would the removal of such a menace to peace in the Middle East be aggression? At what point does nationalism become ambitious imperialism? Where is the line to be drawn between colonialism and assistance? And are decisions affecting world peace to be substantially influenced by the irresponsible governments of immature nations?

These questions cannot be avoided. They have been posed by the actions of Britain, France and Israel—all with responsible governments—in the Middle East and of the Soviet Union in Hungary. The UN could do nothing except produce futile resolutions to stop the horror of Russian brutality in Hungary. And even if the Western nations had had the will to help the Hungarian freedom-fighters with anything more substantial than good wishes, they lacked the means. It took Britain three weeks to move a division of troops from Britain to Cyprus; France has the bulk of her forces tied up; together, it took them days to stage a very limited "invasion" of the Suez area. The United States may be geared to fight a world war, but it would take her weeks, perhaps months, to organize for a small or "brush" war.

In large measure the military ineffectiveness of the Western allies in the face of a situation such as that in Hungary is due to the eagerness with which they have accepted the doctrine of "the more H-bombs, the fewer men". It is all very well to have a huge stockpile of nuclear weapons and enough machines to deliver the bombs to the targets; in a world war, these things would be vitally important—and the fact that they exist is the greatest deterrent to world war. But they cannot be used in a small war without starting a big one. The U.S., for example, could not drop bombs on Russians in Hungary without destroying the Hungarians, or on Russians in Russia without provoking Russian retaliation. It might have been possible to send "volunteers" into Hungary, however —if they were available. The fact that they were not available is going to force a re-examination of the military policies of the West in general and the U.S. in particular—just as drastic a review as must be made of foreign policies.

Fighting Words

R. H. S. CROSSMAN'S recent evaluation of Western Canada as a one-class society created by the economic domination of the United States will not surprise readers of *The New Statesman and Nation,* of which Mr. Crossman is assistant editor. For many years, the editorial policy of *The New Statesman* has been consistently and often querulously anti-American. And while Mr. Crossman can scarcely blame Canada's "savage climate" and lack of "an indigenous peasant class" on the U.S., he sees them, inevitably, as factors that lead to economic control by our neighbor. The Crossman findings were, of course, directed at British Socialists rather than at Western Canadians, and no doubt that is why some of his terms sound remote and irrelevant to Canadian ears; for instance, does the expression "vast colonial territories", as applied to the Western Provinces, represent an actual point of view or merely a loose way of thinking? Mr. Crossman's theory may be in advance of his times, but from the Canadian viewpoint he badly needs to catch up on his semantics.

A Mandate to Lead

EVEN the forecasters who had confidently predicted a win for President Eisenhower in this month's U.S. election were astounded by the size of his victory—an overwhelming response by American voters in all parts of the country and in all classes of society. It was all the more astonishing because the tremendous vote of confidence given Mr. Eisenhower himself did not include the party he leads, or even men he actively supported.

Political observers in the U.S. are generally agreed that had trouble not erupted in Europe and the Middle East, Mr. Eisenhower would have won but not by such a margin. It was worry about peace that dragged the uncommitted or hitherto apathetic citizens from their homes to vote for a man they instinctively trusted, who knew the ways of war and who had kept them out of war (and prosperous) for four years. In other words, in a critical time, they were looking for a strong leader.

What no one can tell at this stage is whether Mr. Eisenhower proposes to supply the leadership. He was more of a consultant or complaisant guide during his first term, but he was new to politics, anxious to heal the splits in his party and obviously uncertain of the powers and responsibilities of the presidency. Now he has left the party behind. It is almost as if the American voters decided to put him above politics and party. He has the qualities of leadership, and he has been given a mandate to use them. Certainly, never was there a greater necessity or a greater opportunity for such use.

Robert Stanfield

Without using any of the usual weapons of politicians — big promises, reckless charges, purple oratory — Bob Stanfield quietly ended 23 years of Liberal rule.

Henry Hicks

The Rising Tory Star in Nova Scotia

by Marcus Van Steen

THE NIGHT after scoring Canada's most amazing political upset victory of the year, the new Premier of Nova Scotia took his two little girls on a Hallowe'en trick-or-treat outing.

All his day had been filled with messages from jubilant—and often astounded—Conservatives, hailing the first party victory in Nova Scotia in 23 years. But Robert Lorne Stanfield's first concern was for his four children, who lost their mother in a car accident two years ago.

"I hope the public will realize that I have to divide my time between my duties as government leader and my responsibilities as a parent," he said a few hours before he accompanied three-year-old Miriam and six-year-old Judith as they knocked on neighboring doors in tree-lined streets of the dignified old South End of Halifax, where he has his modest home. The other two children are Robert Maxwell, now a sturdy nine, and 14-year-old Sarah, who is attending Havergal College in Toronto.

This, apparently, was the kind of simple, unassuming man that Nova Scotia needed to end the long one-party grip on the reins of office. Bob Stanfield follows in the tradition of the late Angus L. Macdonald, the great Liberal chieftain whose memory is still so powerful in Nova Scotia that the Conservatives were hampered in castigating 23 years of Liberal rule. Campaign criticism had to be carefully phrased so that Premier Henry Hicks was always the villain, never the well-loved Angus L.

Stanfield attributes his victory on October 30 to the fact that the people were ready for a change. That was the theme

The late Angus L.

of his campaign, during which he made few promises and no reckless charges or statements.

"The people of Nova Scotia are essentially level-headed," he says. "When they make up their minds that they want something, they go ahead and get it, no matter what anyone says."

That description could apply to the winner himself, and may explain why the people of Nova Scotia picked slow spoken Bob Stanfield in preference to glib-tongued Rhodes scholar Henry Hicks, who actually never was elected as government leader. He took over as party leader and premier upon the death of Angus L. in 1954.

Bob Stanfield's achievement in the recent election can best be appreciated when it is recalled that in the 22 Nova Scotia elections since Confederation, the Conservatives have been victorious only four times. And in 1945 the party was at such a low ebb that it did not return a single member to the Legislature, leaving the role of official opposition to two CCF members.

It was at this point that Stanfield started to take his place in the provincial political field. Although he was a younger son of an old Conservative family, he had never previously taken any part in party politics, and is still not greatly interested in them. Born in 1914 at Truro, where the family textile mill is now run by older brother Frank, Bob Stanfield had more than enough of political rivalry in his childhood.

"There was no love for the Grits on either side of my family," he recalls with a smile, as he recounts how his grandfather, D. J. Thomas, took a libel action against Liberal Premier Fielding clear to the Privy Council in 1896, or how in 1907 his uncle John cracked a Nova Scotian tradition of sending 16 solid Liberals to Ottawa, and later was elevated to the Senate.

Another uncle was a long-term MLA for Colchester County. His brother Frank was elected to the House of Commons in 1945 and again in 1949. And his father, Frank Stanfield, served for four terms in the Provincial Assembly before becoming Lieutenant-Governor in 1930, dying in office the following year.

His wife, Joyce Frazee, whom he married in 1940, also had a Conservative family tradition, and her grandfather, Simon Holmes, was one of the few Conservative premiers of Nova Scotia, hold-

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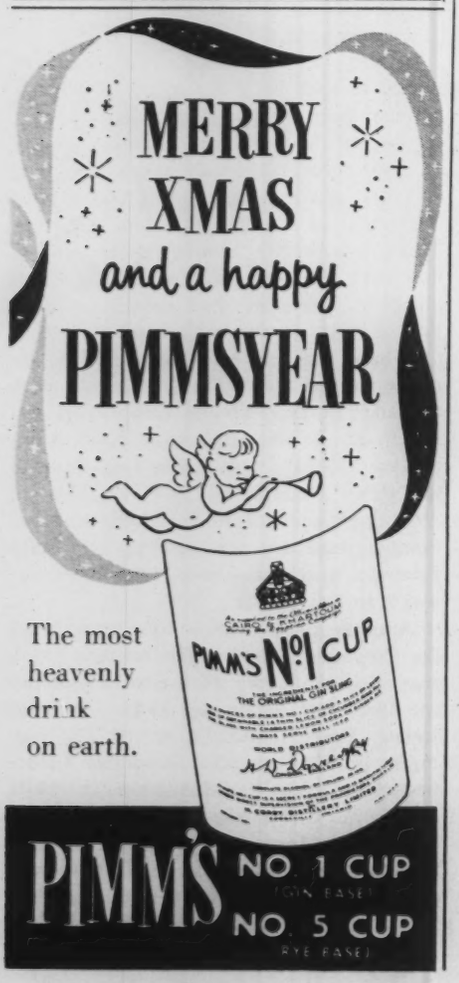


ing office from 1878 to 1882.

In spite of all this, it was not love of party that promoted Stanfield to lend a hand towards restoring the shattered fortunes of the provincial Conservative party in 1945.

"I was not greatly interested in the Conservative party as such," he says. "In fact, I remember agreeing with the other young men at Dalhousie University in the early depression years that all the political parties had made rather a botch of things. But I was interested in good government, and under our democratic system good government demands a strong opposition."

At Dalhousie, where he got his BA, Stanfield specialized in political science and economics and was thinking of going on to the London School of Economics. However, he was persuaded to attend the Harvard Law School instead, took his LL.B. there and was called to the Nova Scotia Bar in 1940, in time to join the Halifax staff of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, where he served throughout the war.

Stanfield soon found himself playing a prominent role in rebuilding Conservative fortunes after the 1945 rout. This he attributes to the fact that "I was the only man available with a large enough private income to allow me to devote full time to the job."

In 1947 he was chosen President of the Provincial Association, and in the following year he was elected Provincial Leader of the party. In 1949 he led the party in an election for the first time and, typically, he asked only for enough support to form an opposition. The public responded to the extent of electing seven Conservatives to the 37-member House, and the CCF relinquished its short-lived role as Nova Scotia's official opposition party. Again in 1953, Stanfield refrained from an all-out effort to drive the entrenched Liberals from office. Campaigning on the slogan "Keep the Opposition Strong", his party won 12 seats and came near to winning several others.

By 1956 several things had changed. Angus L. was dead and his successor, Henry Hicks, was going to the polls for the first time as Premier. Six new seats had been added to the Legislature. And the Conservatives were ready, well-organized, and out for their first conquest since E. N. Rhodes ended 43 years of Liberal rule in 1925. But they were far from confident. The most that many hoped for was a close election that would sharply cut the government's majority and prepare the way for a Conservative victory next time.

"It is difficult to defeat a government that has been so long in office," Stanfield admits, "especially in these days when a government's influence extends into so many fields. A whole generation has grown up in Nova Scotia that has known only Liberal rule, and it's hard to convince some of them that their pensions, allowances, and even their jobs, will not be endangered by a change of government."

Stanfield's most telling public appearances during the campaign were on television, where his lack of oratory was a positive asset. His stumblings heightened the impression that here was an honest man trying to be as sincere and frank as possible. This was in keeping with his program which was little more than "give us a chance and we'll do the best we can". He frequently said that he was not going to make any promises he might not be able to keep.

The politically-conscious Nova Scotians trooped to the polls, however. More than 75 per cent of the electorate voted, and half of them voted Conservative. They gave Stanfield a clear mandate — but only a slim majority in the Legislature. Twenty-three of the 43 seats are filled by Conservatives, against 19 Liberals and one lone CCF member. After the Speaker is chosen, the Government will have a bare overall majority of two. But Stanfield is not worried.

"It will keep both us and the opposition on our toes," he says, "and that will be a good thing for everybody."

The closeness of the election is indicated by the fact that in no fewer than six seats the majority of the winning candidate was 50 or under. In the new seat of Kings West, a Liberal nosed out the Conservative candidate by six votes. And in Picton East, a Conservative gained the seat from the Liberals by a mere eight votes. In Hants East, which the Liberals won in the last two elections by one lone vote, Conservative E. M. Ettinger was third-time lucky, rounding up enough votes to win by a comparatively whopping majority of 49. There was every likelihood of several recounts which might result in a change in the standings.

In a province that has such a long history of Liberal governments, any Conservative victory is bound to upset old traditions. The biggest surprise in the October 30 election was the switch in Cape Breton Island, which has not voted Conservative since the CCF started wooing its miners and industrial workers and Angus L. started appealing to their Gaelic hearts. This time the Conservatives took five of the six Cape Breton seats, letting only the long-term CCF leader retain his seat.

As one Liberal leader was heard to comment on the night of the election: "We didn't lose the election, we only lost Cape Breton Island." And that is as good a comment on the election as any.

A Canadian Artist Looks at War

"Battle Scene, Villa Grande Road"

"Via Dolorosa, Ortona"

SOME OF THE MOST graphic reporting of warfare was done by Canadian artists during World War II. Commissioned by the Canadian Government, painters recorded the war on all fronts where our forces were engaged.

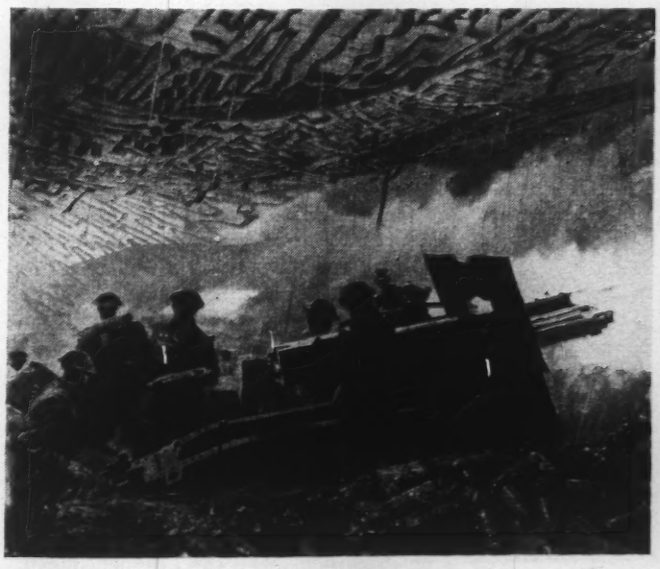
One of these artists, Charles Comfort, recently added a word picture to his vivid pictorial reports. In his book, *Artist At War,* (Ryerson, $4.95) Comfort describes the experiences of a painter at the front.

Comfort served through the Italian campaign of 1943-44 with the rank of major. His intimate journal includes an eyewitness account of phases of the battle of Ortona and the Hitler Line.

Some of Comfort's writing recreates the campaign with an awful immediacy: "The Seaforths and the Edmontons were at the throats of the Paratroopers; it was a mediaeval battle in its close-quarter violence, groping through suffocating dust and smoke, stumbling over upturned furniture and debris, struggling breathlessly in nightmare darkness, felling, clubbing, blasting."

Such scenes were a contrast to Comfort's peacetime life. Now a Professor of Fine Art at the University of Toronto, the 56-year-old artist has spent most of his life in painting the peacetime Canadian scene. His mural designs are in buildings across Canada, from the Hotel Vancouver to the Toronto Stock Exchange and the Canadian National station in Montreal.

Comfort recently returned from a visit to the scene of war. He spent a year in Holland on a Fellowship from the Canadian Government to do research on old masters.



"Canadian Field Guns, Ortona"

"The Hitler Line"

Unlike other English-speaking expatriates in London the Canadian is fundamentally a foreigner and therefore a misfit. Socially and psychologically he is a North American.

Some have made enviable reputations. Ted Hockridge is a leading star and Libby Morris is well-known.

Canada's Homesick Expatriates

by Nathan Cohen

OF THE HUNDREDS of people who flock every year from all parts of the Commonwealth to London, to take up permanent residence there and secure a place for themselves in the teeming, expansive, cut-throat world of mature culture, the most hopeful at the beginning and the most quickly disenchanted are the Canadians. They are, to be sure, not among the loneliest folks in London town, but, to judge by their own testimony, they are certainly among the most alien, the most rootless emotionally. Granted a certain excess of self-pity, their feeling of not belonging is indisputably real and provides a useful object lesson to all those Canadians harboring thoughts of lifelong exile.

Why did the people this article is dealing with — novelists and journalists, actors and entertainers, stage and television writers — leave home in the first place?

The majority made the decision to pack up and cross the Atlantic, not for a visit but for good, with the utmost reluctance; they were moved by a sense of frustration and non-fulfillment; they felt they had to get away. Some believed they had gone as far locally as circumstances allowed; if they remained they would stagnate. Others were discouraged by the lack of opportunity; they believed they were being discriminated against, or that there was just no call here for their type of talent. Still others resented their inferior social status; they wanted to move to an environment where their profession did not have to be apologized for or explained away. Some were attracted by the cultural superiority of English life. A few, a very few, hoped to achieve that kind of popular fame and celebrity which is possible only in a metropolis the size of London. A few, again a very few, hoped that distance and a congenial atmosphere might enable them to see Canada in perspective, and to discover that elusive thing: the Canadian character. Whatever the motive, in practically all instances, there was a conviction that London would welcome the Canadian more sympathetically than New York or Hollywood ever would.

Nathan Cohen interviews Ted Allan and Barbara Kelly.

On this level, the Canadian expatriates have no ground for complaint. London has treated them with conspicuous cordiality. Although those who emigrated without friends or letters of introduction may have had the trouble any stranger has getting started, once the initial difficulties were overcome they found the doors to opportunity flung wide open.

Several have made enviable reputations —Ted Hockridge, for example, is the country's leading musical comedy star, and it is the rare person with a radio or television set who cannot identify Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden.

Among television writers, Ted Allan and Stanley Mann are well-known. In variety circles, Patti Lewis, Libby Morris and Paddy Stone have made a considerable impression. Scores of Canadians work in films and plays; performers like Mary Laura Wood, Paul Carpenter, and Lionel Merton, without ever achieving stardom, are nonetheless steadily employed in good supporting roles. A breakdown of the book publication lists and popular magazine credits also reveals a sizeable number of Canadian contributors. Name the popular art you are interested in, and you will find a Canadian representative.

Although London meets the expatriates hospitably, and gives them all that can reasonably be asked for, there is one thing it cannot do for the Canadians: it cannot assimilate them. The coming to grips with this unpleasant fact accounts for the Canadian disenchantment with the English condition, and for the demoralization one encounters among the majority of Canadian expatriates, a demoralization that takes the form of a sense of frustration and non-fulfillment as acute as the kind which prompted the original emigration.

The Canadian who comes to London with the intention of making it his lifetime home brings with him a set of misconceptions originating in the fond belief, still promoted by relics like Beverly Baxter, that he shares with the English a common language and heritage, and that he will have no great hardship adjusting himself. It is just a matter of getting used to the climate and the currency system. Perhaps this was true in the days when London really was the English-language centre of civilization, or when Canadians were brought up to view their country as an outpost of Empire, deriving its cultural inspiration and patterns from London and existing culturally so long as London gave it nourishment. But that bond no longer exists.

Unlike the other English-speaking expatriates in London—the Australians and New Zealanders, and to a smaller extent the South Africans—the Canadian is fundamentally a foreigner, and therefore a misfit. Far easier for an Englishman to feel at home in Canada than for a Canadian to attune himself to English ways. Socially and psychologically, the Canadian is a North American, and his chief service to the English scene lies in the expression of North American associations and attitudes. It is on this basis that he is welcomed, and room made for him. Otherwise, he has nothing to offer, neither the distinctive identity of the *emigré* from the United States, nor an individual way of life.

The misadventures of Miss Barbara Kelly when she tried to break out of the ghetto are a good illustration. Miss Kelly originally scored in England as a bright,

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wisecracking young woman in a radio show modelled on the Jack Benny and Bob Hope type of program; she did equally well on the BBC version of the American television show, "What's My Line?" The moment, however, that she appeared in an English stage comedy and in a pantomime, she was rapped harshly over the knuckles for her presumption in trying to pass herself off as a genuine Englishwoman.

Ted Hockridge got his start in musical comedy in London thanks to not having an English accent. It was his good fortune to arrive just when American musical entertainments were coming into vogue, and producers were frantically searching for players who could speak and sing American. Should the Broadway musical lose its popularity, Mr. Hockridge will find himself shunted off to the vaudeville circuit or to incidental parts in English musicals as the gruff, comic cousin from the colonies.

The experience of Stanley Mann poses the predicament of the Canadian in more complex, and significant fashion. A proficient television playwright, Mann expanded one of his hour-long scripts into a stage drama with an English cast of characters and setting. A producer expressed interest but, like everyone else who read it, objected to the lack of an authentic English texture. After trying to rewrite the play himself, Mann admitted his inability to get inside the English psyche and called in a collaborator. The same thing happened to another Canadian working on a film script.

So here you have your Canadian expatriate, welcomed while he remains on the periphery of English life, but in profound trouble, not taken seriously, very much aware of his cultural inadequacy, the moment he tries to place himself in its centre. As an inoffensive North American—"the nicest thing about you Canadians," one prominent Englishman told me in all sincerity, as an honest compliment, "is that you don't come from the United States; you know your place; you don't have any super-race ideas"—he can get along quite well, but without any particular sense of satisfaction, certainly not enough to justify the move to alien soil. How to cope?

Several answers suggest themselves.

One is for the expatriate to resign himself to his marginal lot professionally, and look for social companionship and stimulation among fellow-exiles, preferably those pursuing the same line of work. This indeed is the solution most adopt, because it is the easiest and most expedient, and because, among his own, the expatriate is sure of hearty endorsement when he criticizes the English for everything from their reserve and queuing habits to their ingrained assumption of supremacy, or when he rails against the deficiencies back home that inspired his departure. The end result is that he backs himself into a cultural limbo, and that his work deteriorates into various hack enterprises. The Canadian sets foot in London brimming with freshness, innocence and enthusiasm. The freshness tapers off, the innocence vanishes, the enthusiasm changes into a dogged hunting after work that will enable him to meet the high cost of living with a sufficiently high income.

Another remedy is for the expatriate to restrict his Canadianism to his public personality. In private life, he becomes a violent Anglophile, assiduously cultivating the exterior manners and customs of that segment of English society in which he wishes to be accepted. He has faint hope of deceiving the Englishman, but prides himself on his difference from other expatriates. When circumstances forces him to mingle with them, he veers the conversation swiftly to a specific listing of the defects in the Canadian community, which in any case he denies to be real.

Another solution is to accept the station of semi-outsider in the English community, and to try to express in your work elements and aspects of Canadian life by a remembrance of things past those which have influenced your personality. This is a method possible only to writers and painters, one moreover which drastically restricts your potential market. Very few expatriates practise it, and those who do are regarded by the rest as eccentrics, working valiantly but foolishly for a worthless cause.

Of course, the most sensible thing for the expatriate, confronted with the dilemma of not belonging, is to pack his luggage again and go home. A few do that, but very few.

Reluctant as the Canadian was to leave home, he is even more reluctant to return. One writer, whose feeling of being homeless is a constant, gnawing torment, admitted, "I can't go back. It would be a confession of failure. You know very well people would say I came back only because I couldn't make a go of it here." He dreams of writing a novel which will be a popular and critical success; then, and only then, will he buy a return ticket. Many others are prepared to brave the pitying reception, but they can't bear to give up the amenities and cultural facilities which London offers them, and which they have come to appreciate even more than the creature comforts.

But mostly, they are reluctant to go home because they feel things have changed to such an extent that they will be just as out of place there, indeed more so, than in England. The country, they fear, has left them behind, and it is too much of a risk to go home again. For a visit, maybe, just prior to moving to New York or Hollywood—but not to stay.

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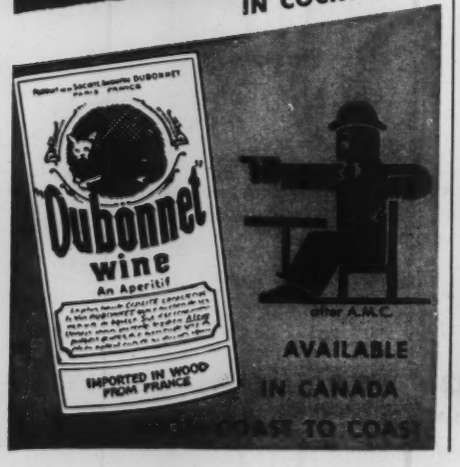


Bright New Idea: "What You Do We Can Do Better."

Grey Cup or Bust!

by Trent Frayne

AS IF THEY weren't having enough trouble around subway headquarters in Toronto — the trains aren't long enough and don't go far enough — the head man down there, Allan Lamport, has been jarring the pictures on the walls with waves of thought while he dreams up a slogan for the Grey Cup parade.

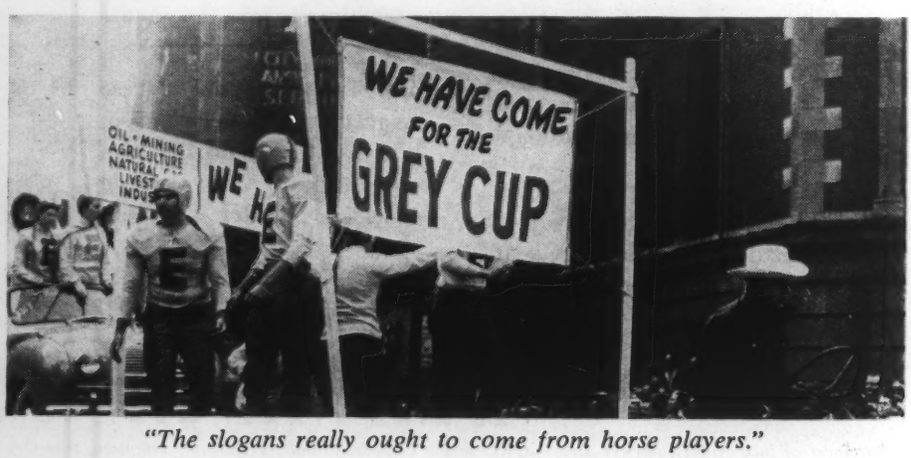
The Grey Cup parade is a downtown assemblage of floats in procession and girls in skin which precedes the Grey Cup football game. Its chief function for non-participants to date has been to make normally impossible traffic conditions unbearable.

Anyway, Lamport, a former mayor of Toronto who apparently viewed the Grey Cup parade in Vancouver last year, has come up with the slogan that's being applied to the Grey Cup parade in Toronto this Saturday. A nice little piece of public relations it is, too, clearly designed to win friends for Toronto. "What You Do, We Can Do Better" is what came out of Mr. Lamport's meditations, a slogan which has been adopted by the parade's sponsors. We congratulate all of them, appending only the tiny rider that if my five-year-old daughter had come up with it I'd have slugged her.

The field of sports is loaded with slogans, not many of which make sense, and I suppose that's why Lamport gave his sharp wits the day off as soon as he got tied up with those Grey Cup supernumeraries. The "Die for Dear Old Rutgers" type of slogan is all right for amateurs and the college boys — they're only playing for lumps anyway. But you try to figure out why the professional promoters challenge the intelligence of their paid employees with banal appeals for a lifetime of loyalty.

The Montreal Canadiens and the Toronto Maple Leafs have lavished paint on their dressing quarters spelling out platitudes. "The Toronto Maple Leafs," it says near the ceiling in the Leafian cubicle. "Defeat Does Not Rest Lightly on Their Shoulders." The Canadiens have one like it in the Forum, entreating everlasting dedication to the firm. But the thing isn't reciprocal. Next week the management, detecting that loyal minion Mulligan has slowed up half a step, sends him to the minors or, worse still, sells him to Chicago.

Hap Day, the general manager of the



"The slogans really ought to come from horse players."

Leafs, came up with a slogan a year ago, this one aimed at the ticket-buying public. The team, he declared, would exude "Guts, Goals and Glamor". The slogan had everything, including inaccuracy, although Day even stickhandled around *that*. When it was pointed out to him that his team scored only 153 goals in its 70-game season, the second lowest total in the league, he chuckled warmly.

"Yes, but we had 181 scored against us," he answered. "I didn't specify who'd score 'em."

Emboldened by his left-handed success last season, Day set his cerebral membranes to vibrating again this year. The results can best be described as chaotic, indicating that while a man might be lucky once, he's walking on eggs when he tries slogan-writing over a distance of ground. "Rock 'n' Roll With Howie Meeker and His Crew Cuts" was Day's contribution this time. It sounds like a man talking with his mouth full of porridge.

If slogans are inevitable — and it looks that way — they ought to come from horse players. Horse players are blessed with a wry fatalism that does things to the language. It's summed up in the horse-player's prayer: "I hope I break even today; I need the money". And it has other, less familiar, manifestations.

There is a man hereabouts who goes to the track every day he can find a horse unencumbered by a milk wagon, and it is not uncommon for him to bet fifty-oh-fifty on a race, meaning $50 to win and $50 to show. Even though he bets that kind of money, this man is by no means loaded, and he'll often brood for as many as two or three minutes over his misfortune if his horse gets beaten a nose for the third position. Then he goes to the blood bank and prepares for the next race.

Anyway, this man has a wife, and one evening he returned from the track to be shown a new dress she'd bought.

"Nice," he said. "How much?"

"Fifty dollars," said the girl of his dreams.

"Fifty dollars!" he exploded. "Fifty dollars! You think money grows on trees?"

"But it's such a nice dress," she whimpered. "And you often bet fifty dollars at the races."

He dismissed this immediately.

"Money ain't for spendin'," he said, "money's for bettin'."

Now a man like that would make an ideal slogan-writer, but he wouldn't be bothered writing one. Slogans are presumptuous, pedantic, pointless and for the birds.

"What You Do, We Can Do Better" indeed!

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Many honest and modest people of distinguished ability feel that although the schools are not against intellectual training, they rely on rigid, inadequate formulas to define intelligence.

The Gifted Child: Mishandled Methods

by C. H. Savage

WE HEAR much today about the "Gifted Child" and about how little is being done for him. Seldom, however, do we find anything approaching a satisfying definition of a gifted child, and nowhere has the suggestion been made that perhaps the greatest attribute of a really gifted person is that he neither needs nor wants much to be done for him.

There is little to recommend the commonly held idea that only a person with superior verbal intelligence can be considered gifted; and there is even less to justify gathering together pupils of this type and telling them that they *are* gifted and are going to be trained as our future leaders.

Even without this we already have far too many academically trained individuals who feel that their intellectual gifts alone should give them the positions of leadership which they do not hold. It is from this group that most die-hard traditionalists and ultra-radicals are recruited.

About all that can be expected from most of the "opportunity-for-bright-children" classes that are commonly advocated or are in existence now is the production of a greatly increased number of these disappointed people.

The fact is that the intelligence necessary to make a high score on the tests and examinations generally used to select the so-called gifted is of the verbal type, and represents only one kind of giftedness. There are many other types of intelligence: and possessing any one of these to a high degree is a gift.

Entirely aside from intelligence, some people are particularly well balanced emotionally or have physical or social qualities of distinction. Surely these people also are gifted. And it is not at all impossible that the capacity for leadership is a gift in itself.

Why then, when the gifted child is sought, is first consideration always given to those who satisfy the tests for verbal intelligence, while those gifted with other types of intelligence or with superior social, physical, or emotional development are neglected?

The answer is, that once characteristics other than intelligence-test intelligence are taken into consideration, it becomes practically impossible to make a comparative evaluation of the various traits and accomplishments that mark a person as gifted. And so those who feel that a selection *must* be made, to satisfy the demand that "something be done", fall back on the results of intelligence and academic-type tests. Since no two intelligence tests will give the same IQ, and since even the same test given at different times may vary widely, this method of selection is a most unreliable one.

Aside from its unreliability, there is another objection to this method of selection. Choosing a child and setting him up as superior to other children not for something that he has done but for something that he is (or is supposed to be) is repugnant to most people. It has also in many cases been shown to be extremely bad for the person selected.

The search for the gifted, then, generally adds up to selecting a child largely by intelligence tests, labelling him as very bright or gifted, segregating him either partly or completely with other similarly labelled individuals, and then feeding him the opportunities that will develop him into the leader he has been told he is destined to be. Somehow or other the formula for leadership has been discovered. Pick your potential leaders: feed them this miracle food for greatness known as an enriched curriculum; turn the crank, and presto! there are our future leaders.

Dr. Savage recently retired as Superintendent of Schools, Westmount, Que.

God help us!

Leaders are those who go after an opportunity, not those who wait passively for it to be brought to them. And like all capacities, this one of seeking an opportunity and grasping it can be developed fully only by practice. There should be plenty of opportunities available—an enriched curriculum if you want to call it that, although the expression sounds like a soggy pudding. But enjoying these opportunities should be the reward of effort, not a gift to those who happen to have a high verbal intelligence quotient.

How then are we to understand the persistent demand that more be done for the gifted child?

It is probable that part of it comes from confusion in the meaning of the word "gifted". It is a fact that even in the United States about a third of those who are intellectually capable of taking a college course do not attend college. In Canada the figure is probably higher. The most common reason for this non-attendance is the lack of money.

For those who feel that these children are "gifted" the removal of the financial barrier by providing more scholarships and bursaries, or the establishment of revolving loan funds would probably provide at least a partial answer to the question "What is being done for the gifted child?"

But another group, including many prominent people, claims that the gifted child is being neglected even when high school and college courses are easily available. Some of these critics even accuse the schools of anti-intellectualism.

It is doubtful if any school people actually practice anti-intellectualism. Some of them certainly dislike the type of intellectual who unhesitatingly places himself amongst the elite and gives the formula

on which he himself was nurtured as the only one to produce such greatness. His invariable theme, "It must have been good, it produced me", is not always convincing.

In the final analysis, the basic function of the school *is* intellectual training: training that develops the power or faculty of understanding or knowing, as distinguished from the power to feel or to will. I must hasten to admit that the only reason for "knowing" is that one may "feel" and "will" in the right way. I fully admit also that it is quite impossible adequately to develop any one of these powers without at the same time developing the others; but few will deny that supplying the facts and the tools for the mind and providing training in their use is overwhelmingly the duty of the school, while it shares, perhaps even as a minor partner, with the home, the church and the community in the development of the emotions, the will, and the spirit.

But before talking about intellectual training let us define the word "intellectual". We have got into the bad habit of thinking of this word as meaning a high degree of linguistic intelligence, when that is only one of its meanings. When I say that the main function of the school is intellectual training I simply mean *training of the mind,* and since everyone has a mind of some sort, such training is in no way restricted to any particular group, nor

Schools should train the mind.

should the material and methods used be limited to those suitable only for one type of mind.

Intellectual training is possible at any intellectual level.

Certainly the modern school should have a humane, wide and comprehensive program, but it should never forget that its main function is the training of the mind. No matter how well it carries out its other duties, it will certainly have failed if it does not make the function for which it was created the centre of its endeavor.

Some critics claim that, even where there is no actual neglect, the intellectual atmosphere in some schools is such that the gifted child receives little encouragement to develop his potentialities. This, I believe, is a valid criticism. I also believe that there is a reasonable explanation for such a situation existing.

The variety in educational practice in Canada and the United States is so great that it is impossible to speak of such a thing as a typical school, but it is a fairly safe generalization to make that in these countries most schools are typical of the more obvious elements of the communities in which they exist. And in this fact is probably the explanation of the wide variation in our schools and of the existence of some in which the intellectual atmosphere is far from stimulating.

When such a situation exists, it is almost always the result of pressure by a minority group, because most people do recognize that the function of the school is primarily one of training the minds of its pupils. When well-meaning but sometimes short-sighted minority groups forget this and insist on over-emphasis of some purely minor function of the school, it is the duty of the school to resist and of the community to support this resistance.

When both the school and the community keep the true goal in view we need not worry about "what should be done for the gifted child". We shall have provided the atmosphere in which, if he is truly gifted, he will flourish.

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The Town a Mayor Built

by Hugh Garner

P. HORACE BOIVIN, mayor of Granby, Que., says, "We are the fastest growing city in the province. In ten years we will have a population of fifty thousand." And he says it just as it is written here, emphatically, with a certainty that comes from knowing that his enthusiastic and long-range predictions so far have all come true. True, that is, as far as Granby is concerned, for the words Granby and Boivin are almost interchangeable when speaking of this Eastern Townships city, forty-five miles southeast of Montreal.

Fifteen years ago, Granby had a population of 12,000 (although it had been labelled a "city" since 1916) and an economy geared to the Imperial Tobacco Co., a rubber factory and several small textile plants. Formerly an English-speaking town it had become three-quarters French before World War Two, and its twenty-odd small industries kept it on the borderline between being a depressed area and a town that paid its way. Today the city has 30,000 people and 95 established industrial plants.

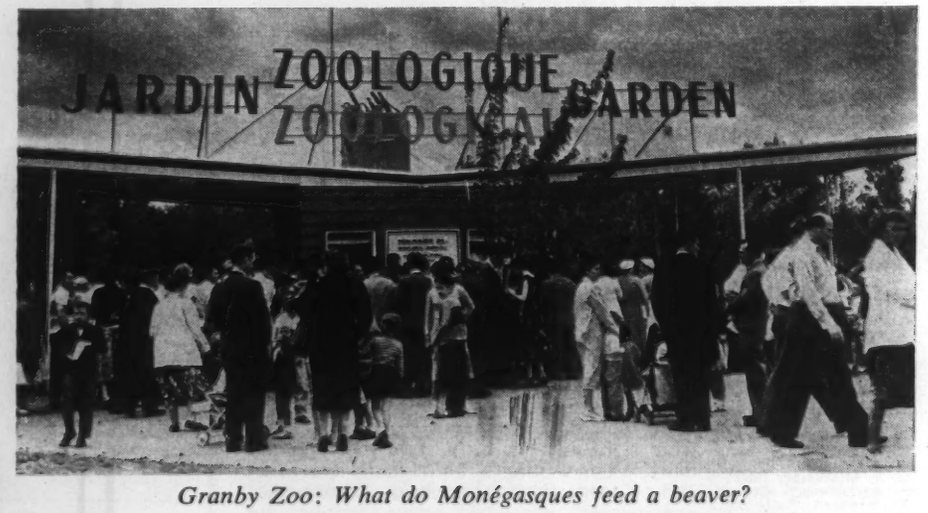
In 1939 it elected Horace Boivin as mayor. Boivin, one of the town's wealthiest men, is the president of Granby Elastic and Textile Co. His company employs 400 people and is engaged in the manufacture of everything elastic from suspenders and elastic ribbon to materials for army web equipment and seat fabrics for Chrysler Co. of Canada.

Immediately after Boivin's election, Granby began to realize that it had not only acquired a new mayor, but a public relations expert of the first rank, a town-booster probably without parallel in Canadian municipal politics.

The peripatetic M. Boivin put Granby on its feet — and on the map. A "joiner" and a man who can afford to travel, he spread the Granby gospel not only throughout Canada and the U.S., but all over the world. As Granby's ambassador he has visited every major country, including Russia (where he had an interview with Stalin), and from most of the countries he has visited has brought back branch plants of their foremost industries, or has prevailed upon their financiers and industrialists to start new Canadian companies — in Granby of course.

The mayor's salesmanship has installed more than 75 companies in Granby, over and above the twenty-odd originals the town had when he took office. Mayor Boivin says, "We are no longer afraid of an industrial strike partially paralyzing the town. Our industries are so diversified that nothing but a general strike could call out more than a small segment of our working force."

As an illustration of Boivin's sales promotion methods it is only necessary to recall an incident that occurred last year. Granby's mayor sent a pair of beavers from the Granby Zoo to Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier as a wedding present. The keepers of Prince Rainier's private zoo had never seen beavers before, and they placed the animals in a salt-water pond, from which the beavers retreated in haste. The Monégasques were equally in the dark as to what to feed their new charges. Soon the Atlantic cables were humming with questions and answers between Monaco and Granby, Que., about the care and feeding of beav-



Granby Zoo: What do Monégasques feed a beaver?

M. Horace Boivin

ers. The story was played up in the world's press, Granby got a million dollars worth of publicity, and this summer the president of one of the two Monaco factories paid Granby a visit. The result, Granby is soon to have a new Canadian chocolate plant, Caferell of Canada, with its parent plant in Princess Grace's little principality.

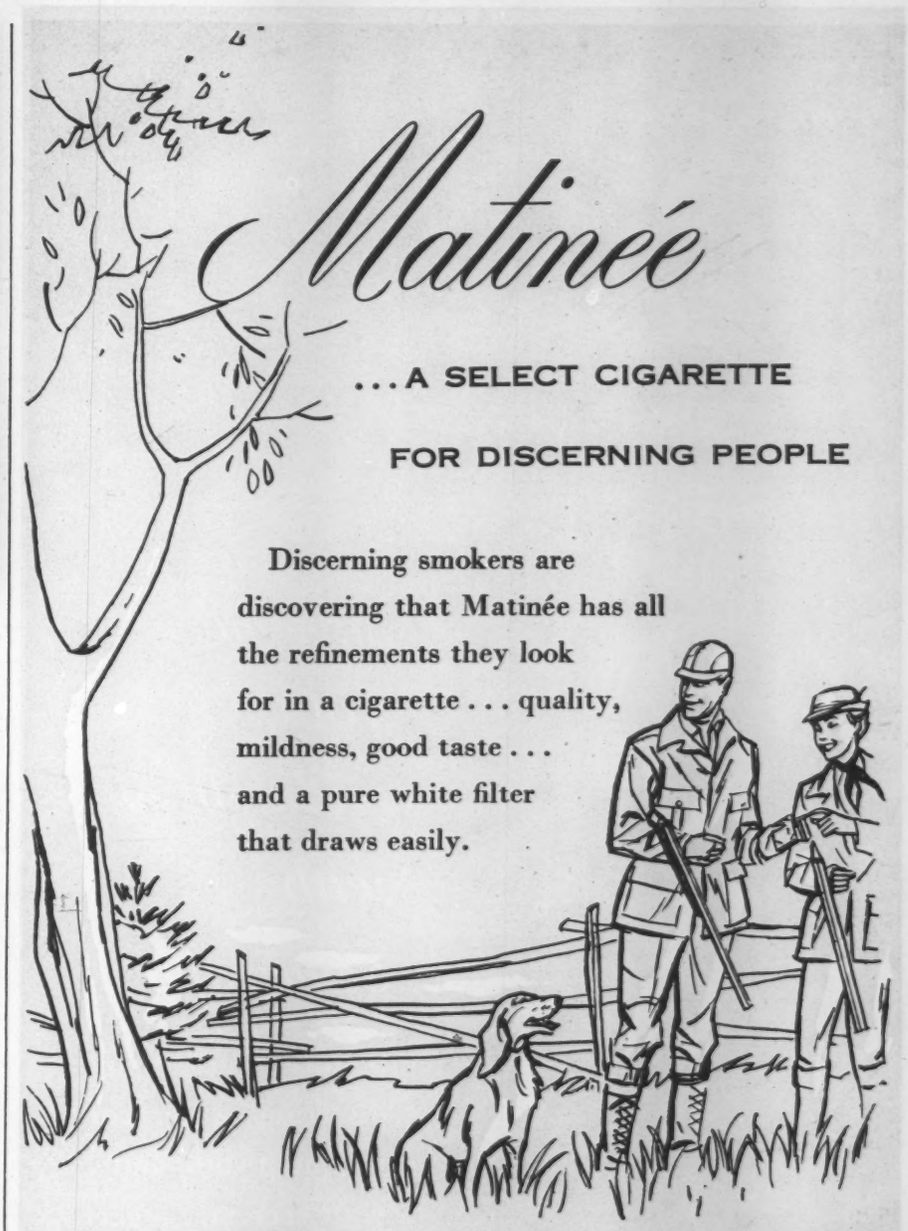
Granby claims the lowest funded debt of any city its size in North America ($110.56 per capita), the highest ratio of home ownership, a car to every three people, and a TV set in every 2.5 houses.

The man responsible for Granby's prosperity is a quiet-voiced, stocky fifty-year-old who, when he is not roaming the world selling Granby, Que., spends his working days in an old-fashioned office in his factory, and many of his evenings and week-ends in the spacious and modern mayor's office in the city hall.

The walls of his city hall office are hung with mementos, gifts and photographs. There is the mayor in an audience with the Pope, chatting with Jack Dempsey, welcoming Cardinal Leger, Maurice Chevalier, Mayor McKay of Calgary and other notables and personalities. His factory office is dominated by an oil portrait of his father, the late Pierre Boivin, who began life as an odd-job man before founding Granby Elastic and Textile. Boivin Sr. was also mayor of Granby, between 1917 and 1934.

Boivin, who is perfectly bilingual, as are many of Granby's citizens, both English and French, is proud first of his family of nine children and then of Granby. "Since the war immigrants from seventeen countries have settled here," he says. "Today our population is 95 per cent of French-Canadian descent, although most of them speak English as well as their mother tongue, something I strongly advocate."

Since first becoming mayor in 1939,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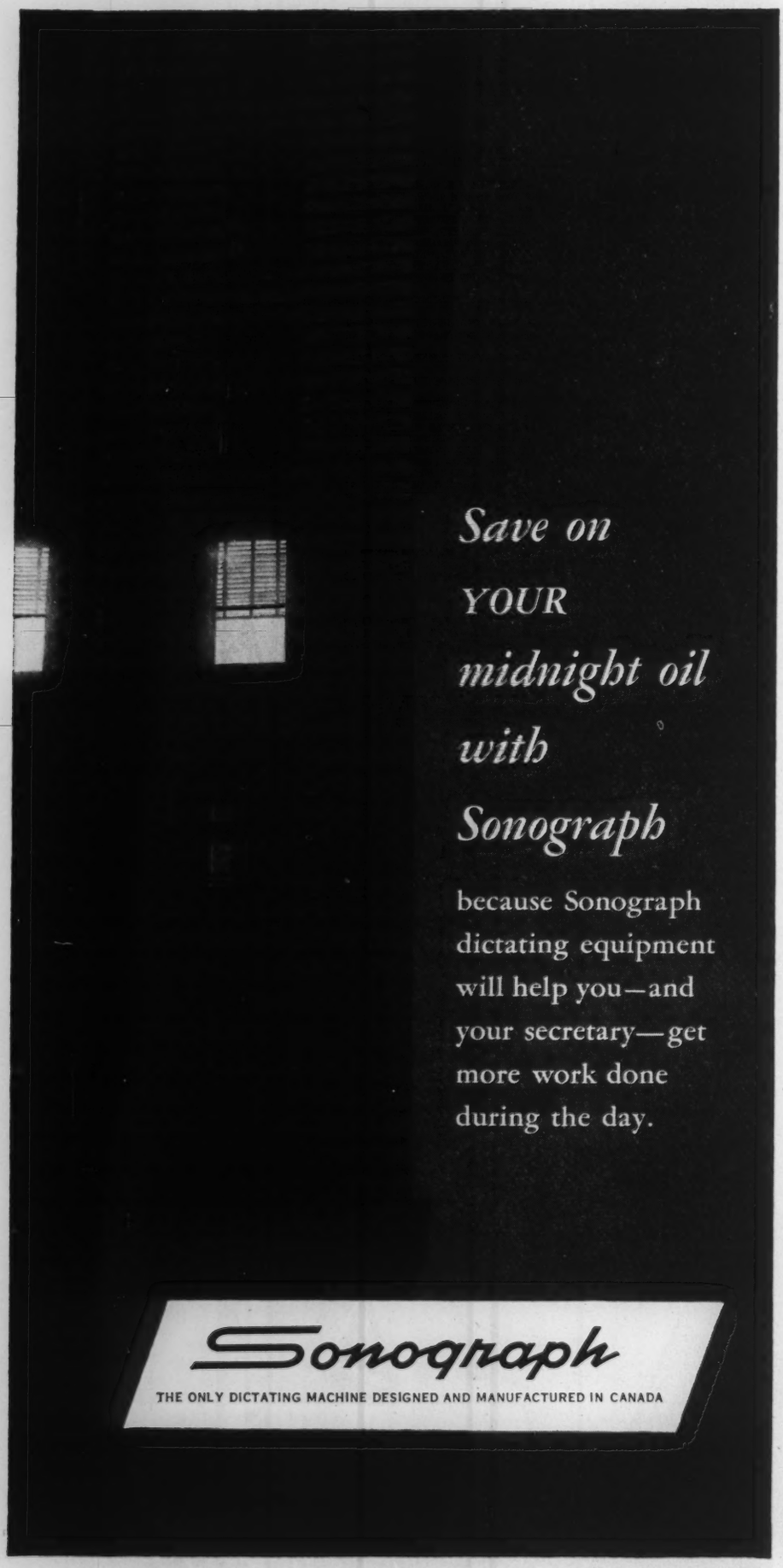
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Boivin has been re-installed by acclamation in every election since. When he talked of retiring a few years ago, 6,000 citizens signed a petition asking him to stay on as mayor. Except for attending council meetings with his eight aldermen and a controller (who is actually the city clerk and city manager), the mayor conducts most of his mayoralty duties from his factory office. In 1953 the National Film Board made a movie around the life of the ideal small Canadian city mayor, and chose Horace Boivin for the role. Incidentally, since attaining office, Boivin has given his whole salary to local charities and projects.

When I asked Mayor Boivin to give me a list of the clubs and associations to which he belongs, he sighed, lit a cigarette, and reeled off a list only about half of which I was able to jot down. Among them were the Kiwanis, Lions, St. Denis of Montreal and the Canadian Club of New York, the Royal Zoological Society and the Order of the Alhambra. He is a director of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, a past president of the Canadian Federation of Mayors, a director, representing Canada, of the Pan-American Union of Municipalities, and a director of the International Union of Local Authorities, a world-wide organization in which he represents this country. He is also an honorary colonel of the Royal 22nd Regiment, and the founder of the Quebec Senior Hockey League.

A man who is fussy about the flower beds in Granby's parks, he is expensively sloppy in dress, wearing an undistinguished summer-weight business suit when I called on him, and a dark topcoat and once-white wide-brimmed Stetson when he goes out. "I visit other Canadian and U.S. cities four or five times a year to make speeches, and usually manage one European, Asian, South American or Australasian trip every year," he said. "Are these selling trips on behalf of Granby?" I asked him. "Largely," he replied, "although I also sell the products of Granby Elastic and Textile. The trips have been very successful, and besides the new industries we have been able to attract, at the present time we have a long list of prospective industrial settlers."

Boivin's two main avocations, and two of the town's main public relations projects, are the Granby Zoo and *"Les Petits Chanteurs de Granby"* (The Little Singers of Granby). The Little Singers have spread the name of Granby through appearances before King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, concerts throughout Canada, and by appearing on TV with the Ed Sullivan Show and on radio with the Bing Crosby Christmas Program last year. At the present Decca Records are negotiating a record release of French

and English carols for this year's Christmas trade.

The Granby Zoological Gardens, now one of Canada's biggest zoos, was started by Boivin in 1942 with 8 acres of pasture land on the outskirts of the town. It now covers 70 acres, much of which is undergoing construction and landscaping at the present time. On his many trips, Mayor Boivin has received gifts of animals and birds from many of the world's zoos, and Prime Minister Nehru of India last year presented the zoo with an elephant. The zoo, with a present animal population of 235, not only provides knowledge and entertainment for the Granbyens (a collective noun coined by visitor Maurice Chevalier) but this year attracted 900,000 visitors and tourists, with 35,000 crowding the zoo on many a summer Sunday. The zoo has given the city a world-wide reputation, and has attracted new industries and new citizens.

Jacques Greber, the town planner who designed the future layout of Ottawa, was hired in the same capacity for Granby. In 1941 plans were completed dividing the city into park zones (there are 16 parks), first and second-class residential areas, and industrial and commercial belts. The results are aesthetically pleasing, and the city, spreading back from both banks of the Yamaska River, is not unlike the more progressive small cities of Southern Ontario. The airport, six miles beyond the city limits, will soon lose its place to a new combination airfield and seaplane base being built right in town. This new airport will have 5,000 ft. runways and hangars serving both land and float planes. A second golf course for the town is now under construction.

Although Mayor Boivin is the missionary who sells the idea of Granby as an industrial site, a city Industrial Commission, with offices in the city hall, takes over from there. This commission is formed of a cross section of the citizens, its officers being a banker, insurance agent, engineer and representatives of all interested groups. At the present time the city is forming a Zoning and Planning Commission, consisting of an engineer, architect, town planner, geologist, landscape artist and a zoning expert. All but one of these are outsiders, and they are being hired on contract by the city government.

The zoo and the other city parks are blossoming with statues and fountains, the latest of which was presented to Granby by the city of Paris. Two years ago, the mayor succeeded, after months of constant refusals, in persuading the Italian Government to allow him to bring home from Rome a 2,000 year-old fountain which had been placed in storage there. To do this, the Italian Government had to pass a special act of Parliament.

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Jack Hawkins and John Stratton: Some unsafe-robbery.

FILMS

Mountain and Squirrel

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"IF I'M NOT as big as you," the Squirrel pointed out to the Mountain, "you are not as small as I, and not half so spry."

One might apply the fable to the giant screen in the movie theatre and the tiny screen in the living room, and arrive at the same conclusion. Size in itself doesn't matter. If there is no particular advantage in being small, there's no special virtue in being large, or supercolossal, either.

Ideally, a film should command just enough time and space to develop its story with logic, pace and spontaneity. The temptation of the high wide screen is to sacrifice this delicately balanced economy and throw in any amount of irrelevant scenery and action. The limitations of the television screen on the other hand, make it necessary to sacrifice time and space to the special economy of advertising and the half-hour program. The television producer, in fact, must operate as a sort of fitter and joiner, working with whatever lengths of time the sponsors allot him. This probably creates all sorts of difficulties and frustrations, but it also imposes a sort of discipline. The creator of the supercolossal film, however, doesn't have to accept any disciplines except the ones set by the Production Code, which unfortunately has nothing to say about running time.

Having sat recently through a series of super-productions, (three and a half to four hours each) I found it a relief to come on *The Long Arm*, a British suspense film of reasonable length and solid, careful construction. The long arm is, of course, Scotland Yard, and its representative here is Inspector Halliday (Jack Hawkins), who is assigned to unravel a series of safe-crackings. The film moves along at a fast, easy pace with Detective Halliday and his assistant working methodically through the files, following chances and hunches, picking up a trail across country, and lighting, as they go along, on all sorts of odd characters, each with his own sharp identity and each with a sound relationship to story and chase. It is an unpretentious film, and its virtues lie in its ability to hold everything, even the marginal characters and incidents, shrewdly in focus. This is the type of picture that the spectacle film and the television quickie are tending more and more to replace. It is a pity, since it has qualities of sound plotting and sharply observed detail that its successors don't attempt to duplicate.

The Bad Seed is the movie version of the Broadway play, which in turn derived from the novel by William March. It is based on the premise that criminal tendencies can be inherited, a point the dramatist goes to considerable pains to prove. As it works out, the pains are a good deal more in evidence than the proof.

The heroine, Rhoda (Patty McCormack) is a depraved little eight-year-old, with an inherited tendency to murder. She is the daughter of a pair of well-heeled and singularly fatuous parents (Nancy Kelly and William Hopper) who, up till the opening of the story, haven't apparently the faintest inkling that their little daughter is a monster. The evidence soon begins to pile in. Rhoda drowns one of her playmates, throws an old lady down a flight of stairs, and burns the janitor to a crisp. At the conclusion of the story, she is planning to tip her favorite Aunt Monica off the roof, and by that time the whole thing begins to sound like an invention from Precautionary Tales for bad children.

The film version was recruited largely from the stage play and most of the performers fail to adjust themselves to the camera and act as though they were trying to reach the back row in the top gallery. The public is requested not to give away the denouement. It's the sort of denouement I would hesitate to give away to a white elephant sale.

The original ending has been altered, apparently at the insistence of the production code. As in the stage play, however, there is a curtain act in which the little heroine is brought back on the stage and given a sound spanking by her outraged mother. This is presumably intended as a sort of catharsis to relieve the feelings of the audience. One felt, however, that any child, who was publicly spanked every evening through a long stage-run, might easily develop homicidal tendencies without any help from the bad heredity.

Patty McCormack and Nancy Kelly: A tendency to murder.

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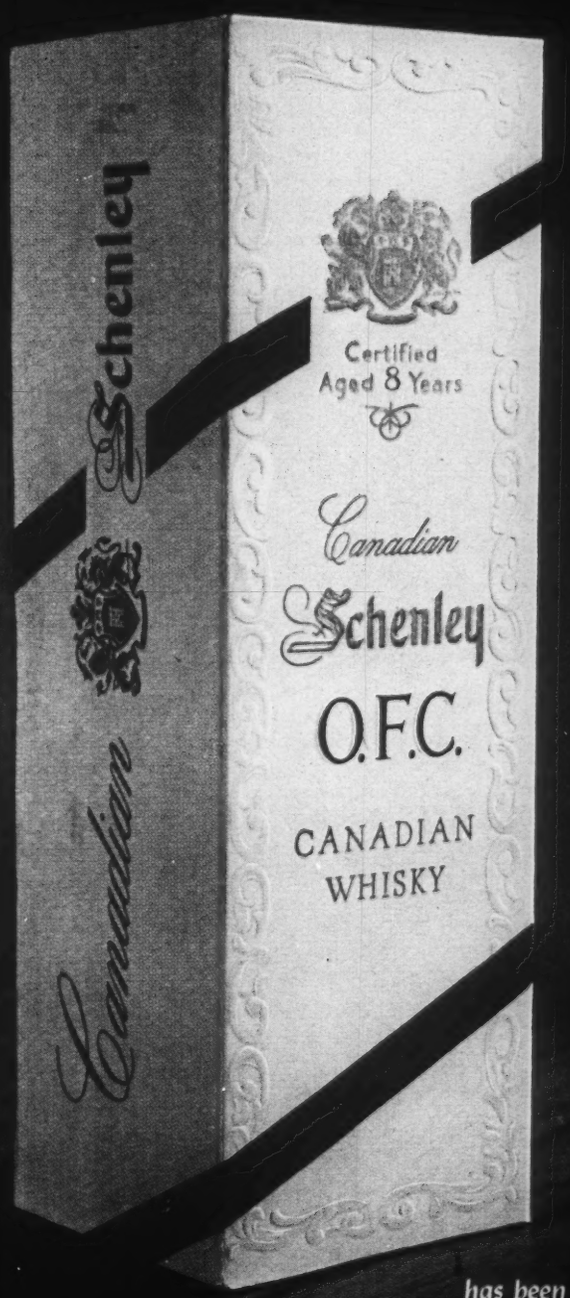

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Mental Health Missionary

by Frank Rasky

It now costs Canadians $75 million a year to look after the mentally ill in the bulging hospitals but only half a million is spent on vital research.

WHEN A SWEDISH scientist last month announced discovery of a blood test that could indicate in six minutes whether a person was mentally ill, nobody was more elated than a crusading Toronto psychiatrist named John Douglas Morcroft Griffin. As general director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, Dr. Griffin would gladly have served as human guinea pig and taken the test himself, if his colleagues would have let him.

Over the past 20 years, Dr. Griffin has pioneered, with missionary zeal, the use of mental health tests in schoolrooms, factories and Canadian Army camps. The discovery of the biochemist, Dr. Stig Akerfeldt, at the Nobel Institute in Stockholm—that the blood serum of a schizophrenic turns a currant-red color in six minutes—seemed to Dr. Griffin another inevitable clue revealed in man's endless quest to solve the mystery of the human mind.

Dr. Griffin's psychiatric couch stretches, figuratively, across Canada. His voluntary, non-profit Canadian Mental Health Association has grown to the point where it now has offices operating in all provinces, except Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. Yet Dr. Griffin's mission of spreading the gospel of public enlightenment on the causes, treatment and prevention of mental illness, seems as infinitely challenging as ever.

Dr. Griffin estimates that one out of every twelve children born in Canada this year will suffer a serious mental breakdown. Due in part to the tensions of our way of living, approximately one million Canadians are partly disabled with severe neuroses. Today a record 70,000 Canadians are patients in our grossly understaffed, over-crowded 75 mental hospitals — with at least 10,000 waiting to get in. Canada has 439 psychiatrists, and Dr. Griffin says we need a minimum of 800; we have a total of 926 psychologists, social workers and occupational therapists, and we require 1,850.

"Yet Canada spends more to house criminals than to treat her mentally ill,"

Dr. J. D. Griffin

Dr. Griffin says, in his most intense evangelical style. "We spend $4.50 a day on each person in a penitentiary, but only $2.92 a day for the mentally sick. Even more pitiful is the way we dole out pennies, instead of millions, to explore diseases of the mind. The Canadian government spends $8,000,000 annually for atomic research; more millions for fisheries research. But for the mind — the thing that makes us different from the beasts of the field—the Canadian Government spends only $500,000 a year on research. That's less than five cents a year for every person in Canada, even though it costs Canadians $75 million a year to look after human wreckages already sick in our bulging mental hospitals. Imagine —just a nickel for the mind!"

To Dr. Griffin, spreading the gospel of mental health is a kind of personal crusade. As though to remind himself of the need for restraint, he has tacked up on the plywood-panelled wall of his office on Spadina Avenue in Toronto, a wry sign: "Don't take life too seriously. You'll never get out of it alive anyhow."

Significantly, the biggest portrait on the wall behind his desk—even larger than a picture of Sigmund Freud and a watercolor painting out of the tortured mind of a schizophrenic patient — is a huge sketch, hanging like an icon, of Dr. Clarence Hincks, originally of St. Marys, Ont. Dr. Hincks launched the mental health movement in Canada, as a result of reading *The Mind That Found Itself*. This was a pioneer book by a Connecticut engineer, Clifford Beers, who described his brutal experiences in mental hospitals, after he himself had attempted suicide by leaping from a third-floor window.

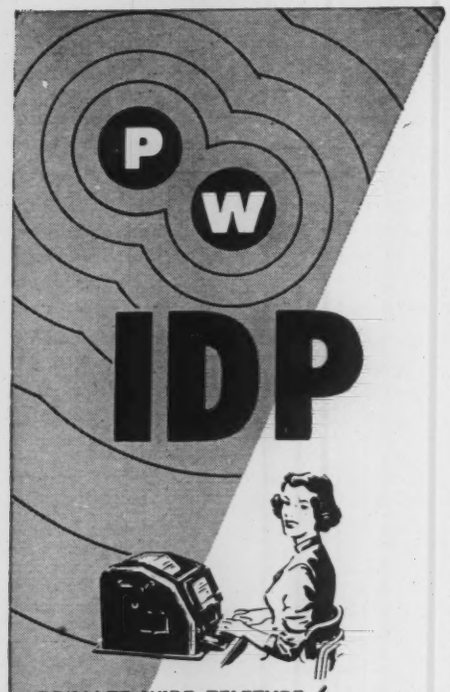
With help from Beers, Dr. Hincks organized the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene in 1918. Dr. Hincks brought in Dr. Griffin as a $3,500-a-year assistant in 1936, to help him campaign for improvement of shameful Canadian "lunatic asylums", which were often staffed by muscle-bound goons armed with strait-jackets and manacles. Dr. Griffin succeeded Dr. Hincks in 1952 as general director, at $12,000 a year, and changed the old committee into the Canadian Mental Health Association.

Dr. Griffin admiringly regards the 71-year-old Dr. Hincks as "my dynamic father image. And, as with any father, I alternately love and resist Clare". In turn, Dr. Hincks, who continues to serve as consultant for the Association with galvanic energy, despite his own "black, week-long depressions from my neuroses", says fondly of his 50-year-old disciple, "Jack is a manic type after my own heart. He has a flair for contagious enthusiasm. He has to be on the go, morning, noon, night and Sundays, making converts to the mental health cause. His conviction must get into his gizzard. He comes running up the stairs three at a time, slams the door, and then impetuously wants action done overnight. I told his assistant, Alvan Gamble, yesterday, 'I hope you can prevent Jack from killing himself with his mania for work'."

Dr. Hincks sometimes thinks Dr. Griffin is overly concerned with wooing the approval of organized medicine for the Association. "My radical suggestions for reform of mental hospitals won me the title, the 'nut doctor'," Dr. Hincks says. "I gloried in that nickname. I never used muckraking tactics to expose the shocking conditions I found in the early days—a chalky-white-faced female patient confined for three years in a coffin-like cupboard in a Manitoba mental hospital; patients jailed in ten wooden attic cages in a New Brunswick hospital; a decaying firetrap for a mental institution in Prince Edward Island. But I did use unorthodox methods in persuading medical directors to make reforms. Jack is an utterly dedicated mental hygiene educator, but I feel he craves respectability."

However, a friend of both, University of Toronto psychologist Prof. William Line says, "Jack Griffin caught the gleam of Clare Hincks's vision. Yet he has added his own particular flame to the cause of mental hygiene—as a driving organizer."

Dr. Griffin personally doesn't give the impression of being a super-charged evangelist. He is a lean, six-foot, quietly brooding man, who wears conservative, double-breasted blue suits, sucks a pipe, and tends to worry about his thinning



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brown hair. His hazel eyes look out at the world from behind thick, heavily-rimmed spectacles. He strips his vocabulary of the usual psychiatric jargon. He spices his conversation with "Gosh" and "Golly", and delights in self-deprecating jokes about psychiatrists. At the infrequent parties he attends with his wife, Erica, a Fort William, Ont., ex-school teacher, he says he runs into two types of people: "Those who expect me to psychoanalyse them over a cocktail, and those who won't come near me for fear I will."

Almost inevitably, Dr. Griffin's grandfather was a circuit-riding Ontario Methodist preacher, and his father a physician, on call day and night, as a general practitioner in Hamilton, Ont. John was the youngest of four sons, and his father died when John was 15—two facts which he thinks gave him an early feeling of insecurity. "I was an impossible child," Dr. Griffin recalls. "As the youngest, I was the butt of a lot of teasing. As a defense, to convince myself I wasn't insignificant or stupid, I became a bumptious, lime-lighty showoff."

He excelled in science at Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and won a medal for reading aloud. But it was his membership in the Methodist Young People's organization that drew him to mental health; he had to give a talk on psychology before the youngsters, and his research on the subject fascinated him.

He worked his way through medical school at the University of Toronto as the piano-playing leader of a jazz band, "The Varsity Entertainers". The drum-player in his orchestra, Al Mueller, was the nephew of Dr. William Blatz, the psychologist-director of the university's Institute of Child Study. Talks John had with the drummer's uncle so kindled his enthusiasm, that he took a one-year course in psychology under Dr. Blatz, and wrote a thesis on "the normal pre-school child".

On a two-year Rockefeller fellowship, promoted by Dr. Hincks, Dr. Griffin spent part of his post-graduate training at Butler Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island; he did research on using tests to measure different degrees of mental illness. While there, like all psychiatrists, he had to undergo psychoanalysis himself.

"My analyst," he recalls with amusement, "was an elderly doctor who'd studied under Jung. He wanted me to undergo analysis every day after lunch. I'd lie down on the couch and talk. But I soon discovered his head would fall down, and he'd doze off asleep. He awoke one afternoon to find me snoozing, too. 'Young man,' he scolded me icily, 'you are not yet ready for analysis by a disciple of Jung!' Since then, I have not adhered to any of the psychiatric cliques—Freud, Jung or Horney—but am, rather, allied to the whole field of general medicine and public health."

During the last war, he worked with Dr. Brock Chisholm in helping to develop the Army's revolutionary Pulhems Profile—a cataloguing, under initials, of a recruit's Physique, Upper and Lower Limbs, Hearing, Eyesight, Mentality and Stability. While Dr. Griffin says the technique spawned many derisive witticisms—"Reverse it and it spells 'smell-up' "—he is pleased that it has also been adopted widely by personnel departments in industry. Indeed, after the war, Dr. Griffin himself worked part-time for a while for a business corporation, exploring the use of psychological tests in selecting salesmen for industry.

Working with the Canadian Mental Health Association, Dr. Griffin introduced the study of "human relations" into school classrooms; he pioneered, with Professor Line, in making studies of shy children; he innovated a national project for bringing public and high school teachers to the University of Toronto for yearly post-graduate courses in mental health; and he encouraged federal grants-in-aid to help develop 90 Canadian community mental health clinics. Typically, thanks to such trail-blazing efforts, British Columbia and Alberta set up model community projects designed to evolve permanent marriage counselling services; and a parent-teacher forum on "problem children", sponsored by the Association in Toronto's Forest Hill Village schools, ultimately resulted in the explosive sociological book, *Crestwood Heights.*

Last year, his Association got volunteers to make 20,000 visits to patients in mental hospitals, entertaining them in the wards, giving them birthday gifts, or simply being friendly to them as human beings in distress. This campaign is based on Dr. Griffin's idea that a mental hospital should not be stigmatized "that 5,000-bed lunatic asylum isolated up on the hill", but, rather, should be a 400-bed adjunct of a general hospital, integrated into the community. Or, better still, he would like to see the mental hospitals emptied, as was done in Amsterdam, with staffs of government-paid psychiatrists and social workers treating working patients right in the home.

"The locked wards and barred windows are going the way of the straitjacket and leg irons in Canadian psychiatric treatment," Dr. Griffin says of the future, optimistically. Still, he is not lulled into the illusion that his evangelist's mission will be completed soon or easily. He comforts himself with the sad wisdom learned painfully by the father of psychiatry, Sigmund Freud: "It is not so easy to play upon the instrument of the human soul."

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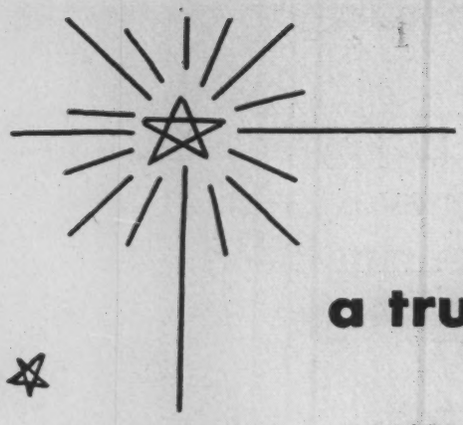

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by Robertson Davies

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Jacket lists impressive roll of contributors.

IN MY GRANDFATHER'S library there used to be an entrancing Victorian book called *Enquire Within Upon Everything* with which I spent many a happy hour, discovering how far it was to the moon, how to remove spots from silk, how many words there were in the Bible and in what proportion the blood of Queen Victoria might be called that of Alfred the Great. Its delights were recalled to me when Victor Gollancz Publications sent me *The New Outline of Modern Knowledge*, edited by Alan Pryce-Jones and offering twenty-six articles, by celebrated experts, on philosophy, religion, archaeology, astronomy, anthropology, genetics, the atom, medicine, psychology, art, architecture, writing, music, economics, sociology, internationalism, law and politics—280,000 words and 600 pages of glorious information! All the greed to know things, the yearning to be a polymath which dominated my childhood, rose up in me again, and I seized upon the book with avidity.

And was I disappointed? I was not. Did the book prove to be a shallow production for skimmers and smatterers? Not at all. It is an admirable book and I am happy to recommend it to everybody for whom it is intended.

In an excellent preface Mr. Pryce-Jones (Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*) describes the kind of person at whom this book is aimed. "I have imagined the kind of reader who is both delighted and puzzled by the complexity of all he sees around him," he writes. And, later, "It is one of the consolations for living through an age of change like our own that a certain amount of intellectual adventure is now forced upon everyone."

We live in times when it is neither safe nor admirable to be stupid or narrow in one's interests. In England, he says, the word "clever" is losing the overtone of patronizing distaste which it has carried for so long; brains are becoming socially acceptable. Whether this is the case in Canada it would be hard to say. In this country dullness and limited intellectual interests have never had quite the social cachet they enjoyed in England; but we have tended toward dullness and intellectual limitation because we have been, until quite recently, a land as provincial as Norway before Ibsen.

As Mr. Pryce-Jones points out, it is no longer safe to boast that one knows one's job, and very little else. We must have some conception of what is going on in the world about us. The least scientific of us must have some idea of what the scientists are doing; the least philosophical or religious must know which way the wind is blowing in the realm of the spirit; the least aesthetic must stop grumbling about modern art and music and literature, and try to find out what the artists are up to. And we must make this effort not only for our own safety, but because it is unbecoming citizens of an allegedly civilized country to hang behind the march—now advanced to a very fast trot—of modern discovery, and change.

It is no longer enough to say that we cannot know everything. We must at least attack the considerable task of finding out what it is that we are ignorant about.

The articles in this book are grouped under five general headings: Philosophy and Metaphysics, Science, Art, Politics and Economics, and Law. Some of them were very tough going—for me—because they lay so far from anything I know. But none of them appeared to me to be wantonly difficult; the writers had tried to be comprehensible without compromising their material. They were all anxious to communicate with me but they refused to get down on their knees to do so. They were prepared to be popularizers, but not

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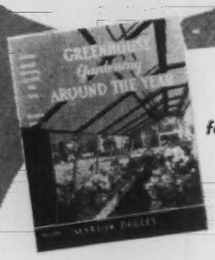

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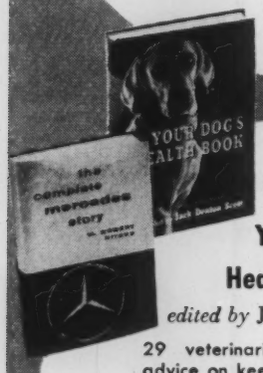

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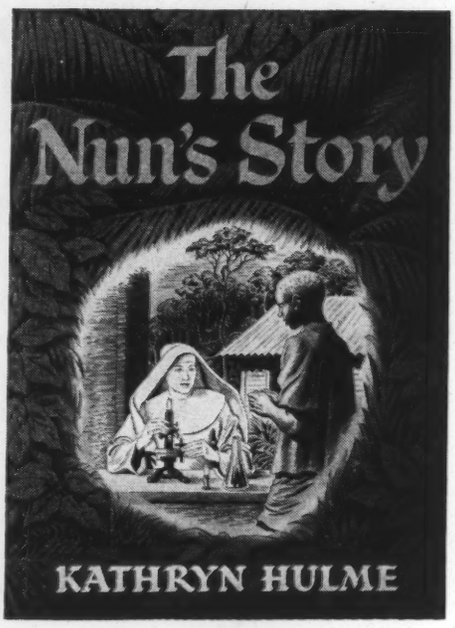
vulgarizers. Their attitude was the only possible one for a book of avowedly high purpose, written for the general reader.

Those who tackle this book, as I did, without prejudice, may find rewards in unexpected places. For me, the most interesting article by far was that on "The Religious Instinct" by Professor R. C. Zaehner, of All Souls, Oxford. A specialist in Eastern religions, he devotes his space to a discussion of the failure of Protestantism, the immense revitalizing of the Church of Rome during the period since the war, and the nature of Communism as a religion. He has no axe to grind, but many readers will find his arguments and conclusions startling; they will not find them easy to answer effectively. Protestantism, he says, has failed to provide its adherents with those elements of the mysterious and the wondrous which the religious instinct in man craves; it has neglected that realm which C. J. Jung has named "the collective unconscious". And where has mankind looked for the mysterious and the wondrous, the lodestone for that self-immolating quality which Protestantism rejects? In all sorts of odd and unsavoury outlets, of which Nazism and fanatical racism are the darkest.

It is commonplace to say that Communism is a religion, and equally commonplace to counter that statement by saying that it is diabolical because it rejects God. Professor Zaehner points out that Communism has its own God in dialectical materialism, which is mysterious, wondrous and ill-defined enough to satisfy the most mystical spirit; he also reminds us of something which Christians are apt to forget—that religion and Deism are not interchangeable terms. Protestantism may be faith divorced from mystery, and Nazism may be faith divorced from morals, but Communism is a faith which provides its own mystery and its own morals, and the only strong opponent it faces, in Professor Zaehner's opinion, is the Church of Rome. But the Church opposes Communism not because it is undemocratic, according to Professor Zaehner, but because it invades the Church's territory, which is faith. "It is the doubtful privilege of the present generation to take part in this second major instalment of the wars of religion," says Professor Zaehner, concluding an article which should command the widest interest among people who really seek to know what Communism is, and what it may mean in our world.

It is impossible to touch even upon a quarter of the food for thought which this book provides. Most readers will, I think, be as much engrossed as I was in the article on Medicine by Lord Amulree, in which he covers briefly the progress in that art since 1930. It is staggering to realize how many things which we take for granted are of comparatively recent discovery. Most remarkable, perhaps, is the way in



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which intensive research in the abstruse realms of bio-chemistry has gone forward almost hand in hand with an extension and rediscovery of the importance of the human element in the incidence and cure of illness. The too-confident scientific approach of the late nineteenth century has given place to an attitude in medical research which verges on the mystical.

It would be neglectful in a literary supplement to say nothing about the article on Writing by G. S. Fraser. It should help many puzzled people to a clearer understanding of what is happening today in a sphere which, as Mr. Fraser points out, is bedevilled more than any other in the arts by quarrels, jealousies, corrosive criticism and flatulent nonsense. To many puzzled readers it seems as if modern writers—the "important" ones, who attract widespread attention, as opposed to the literary Frankensteins who compose best-sellers out of refuse and slaughter-house waste—had left the highroad of letter and taken off into the woods, from which they shout gnomic abuse at the world. But this is once more because we live in an age of rapid change; Mr. Fraser provides a map which gives a rough notion of where we are. (Perhaps it is permissible to be spiteful and say that he provides a program which helps us to tell the kings from the queens.) I was especially gratified by his high estimate of Robert Graves as a poet, for I admired Graves when Eliot, and only Eliot, was current coin.

There is no room for more about this excellent, stirring, meaty book. Let me end, then, by recommending it to everybody who has not given up the ghost, intellectually speaking. I wish it would sell a hundred thousand copies in Canada.

The New Outline of Modern Knowledge, edited by Alan Pryce-Jones—600 pp. & 21 pp. index—*Doubleday—$3.75.*

Autumn Fiction

by L. M. Pederson

IN TWO OF THE BEST novels to appear this autumn the author concerns herself with a woman's struggle toward an ideal. *The Nun's Story* by Kathryn Hulme (Little, Brown $4.50) is not fiction, but it is told with so much novelist's art that it may be listed with the novels; in it we are given a detailed, sympathetic but not emotionally involved account of how a young Belgian girl turned from marriage to the arduous task of becoming a perfect, selfless servant of the will of her order of nursing nuns. The book makes real and important, to the most non-Catholic mind, the spiritual discipline of that training; it explains, as few books have done, what it means to be a nun. Sister Luke finds at last that she cannot be wholly obedient to the Rule of her Order; she cannot love her enemies, the Germans. And so she leaves the convent after fifteen years of struggle toward selflessness. Calm and detached in manner, this book is gripping, important and rewarding.

Helen Howe sums up the trashy ideal which her heroine seeks in the title of her novel *The Success* (Musson $3.95). Maggie Fraser, in her yearning to be somebody and make a stir in the world, overrides two husbands and her daughter, but she makes the grade; she ends up with her own television program, on which she offers advice to those who are in emotional difficulties. Her soul is wizened, and she has even sunk to that level of self-infatuation where she believes her own publicity, but in the estimation of the world she is a success, and that is all that concerns her. With a theme which would have lent itself easily to shallow satire, the writer has written a book which is certainly witty and brilliantly observed, but is also profound and absorbing as a

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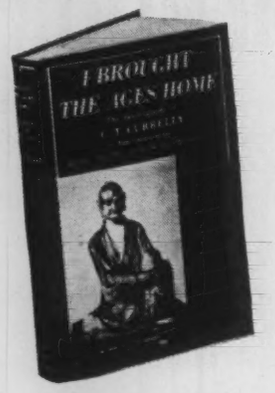

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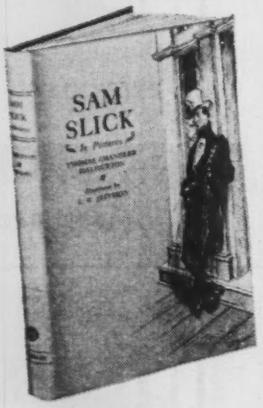

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study of character. This book, and *The Nun's Story,* have much to say to virtually all women.

This reader was not so deeply impressed as some critics appear to have been by *Madame Solario* (Macmillan $4.50), which has appeared anonymously, as though its authorship were a precious secret. It is a tale of high-life in 1906, involving suicide and the incestuous love of a brother and sister. It strives for Gothic horror, but falls short of its goal, emerging as a silly and pretentious piece. Incest, so horrendous a theme in great hands, can also be merely foolish.

A much more honest stunner, though a mess as a novel, is *The King of Paris* (Musson $4.00) in which Guy Endore crams a vast amount of fact and fiction about Alexandre Dumas into 504 pages. Mr. Endore suffers from the truism that fact is stranger than fiction; Dumas was an improbable creature, yet he was a fact. So extraordinary was the truth about him that legend grew side by side with it, and the two cannot be unscrambled. The author has produced a cheerful phantasmagoria, which eventually wearies the reader by its excess. But the excess is not all that of the writer; again his subject must bear the blame. But the shouting, breathless style is presumably Mr. Endore's own.

We look to Ethel Wilson for distinguished writing, and in *Love and Salt Water* (Macmillan $2.75) she does not disappoint; her style is as clear and as deft as usual. The story, however, is much slighter than is common with her, and it seems as though Part Three of the book had been written as a separate short story. This is a work which sustains, without enlarging, one of Canada's foremost literary reputations.

With *The Flood* (McClelland & Stewart $3.50). Scott Young comes forward for the first time as a novelist for adults, with

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It would be hard to imagine a writer less like Scott Young than C. P. Snow, whose latest novel in the Lewis Eliot series is *Homecomings* (Macmillan $3.00). It is the muted, subtle responses of highly complex beings to minute stimuli which concerns him, and he examines and discusses them with economy and precision. In this phase of his many-volumed novel he discusses his hero's love-life, not as a series of triumphs c. disillusionments, but as an element—and not the most important element—in a private life and a public career. Those who know and admire Mr. Snow's work will find this book characteristic of it at its best; those who do not may safely take the plunge into his Lewis Eliot series at this point.

Eric Linklater is a professional man of letters who has written enormously and unevenly. *Dark of Summer* (Clarke, Irwin $3.00) stands about midway between his best and his least satisfactory work. It makes a splendid beginning, and we settled down for a really good book about the family history and the inheritance of hate of the Wishart family. The sure hand of the skilled writer, and splendid atmosphere attaching to the Orkneys, raise our hopes. But, all of a sudden, the author is off on a long diversion about the war in North Africa, in Italy and in Korea. The book never completely recovers from this jolt. Nor are we prepared to swallow Gudrun, the heroine, as Mr. Linklater presents her. In a book which contains so much fine detail, this beautiful, tall, vague Celtic goddess never

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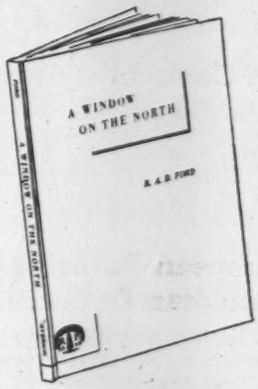

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Nicholas Monsarrat

for an instant joins the world inhabited by the others. Mr. Linklater seems in danger of following his friend Compton Mackenzie into that sad realm where a sensitive writer becomes a book-machine.

When we begin Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* (British Books $3.75) we are soon reminded of Alex Waugh's *Island In The Sun*. We are quickly disappointed, however, if we expect the pleasure from it which that book gave. Mr. Monsarrat has set out to defend the British Colonial administrators, and to expose the shallowness of those who talk of self-government for African races; he has at his command much material which might have been persuasive. But he hates too many things, and he permits his gall to poison the whole cup —which is a pity, for the colonial service badly needs an able defender. This is less the work of a man shaken by great anger than the petulance of a man sick with enlarged spleen. In fiction any amount of violent, painful and cruel incident may be used if it serves an organic artistic plan; here, however, we are troubled by a sense that such incident has been used to make the reader's flesh creep, and to out-Ruark Robert Ruark. This will not, of course, work against the book with that class of readers who turn to fiction as another group turns to needled beer.

The Poet's Case

SINCE E. J. PRATT has come closer than any other Canadian poet to receiving his due of popularity and praise in his native land, the defensive tone adopted in this most recent study of his works appears at first glance to be unnecessarily truculent. Pratt's descriptive grandeur, the power of his irony, his variety of language and the vital sweep of his verse-effects have been long and widely recognized. But Mr. Sutherland's concern is with the quality of

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understanding and the discrimination of praise.

In criticism that is widely suggestive rather than conclusive, Mr. Sutherland elaborates his thesis that Pratt's longer poems are variations on the basic theme of orthodox Christianity. He believes that this Canadian poet does not merely possess the "knack of conjuring a continent out of a couplet", but that he is also a poet whose great vision places him among the few significant poets of our time.

Some of this may come as a real surprise to Dr. Pratt who has shown himself content not to probe too deeply into the hidden meanings of other writers while appreciating their human qualities with a touch of genius. There is no doubt that Pratt's poetry is more complex than was at first generally recognized. It is possibly more complex than even the poet's conscious intention could describe. Mr. Sutherland's study will, as an important footnote to the poems themselves, enlarge our understanding and appreciation of them.

M.A.H.

The Poetry of E. J. Pratt: A New Interpretation—by John Sutherland—pp. 109 —*Ryerson—$3.75.*

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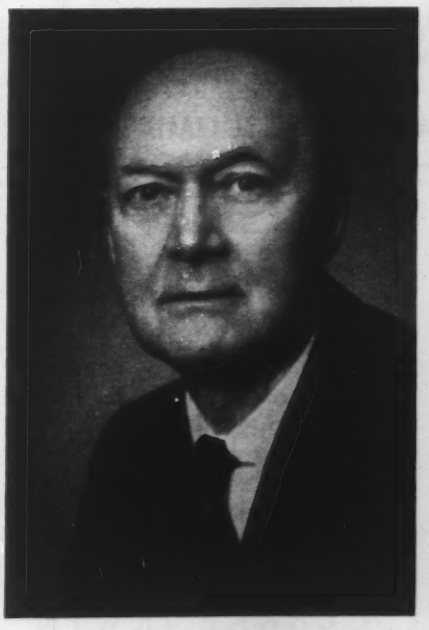

Dr. E. J. Pratt

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHNNIE JOHNSON, D.S.O. (2 BARS) D.F.C. (BAR)

Top-scoring Allied fighter pilot of the last war, who led R.C.A.F. aces on more than 100 missions. *With a Foreword by Douglas Bader* $3.75

CLARKE IRWIN

unknown to us, for they had the agility and range of the female voice, allied to the strength and endurance of the male voice; their tone was trumpet-like, their *portamento* stupendous. Nor were they, upon the whole, any more freakish in appearance than other singers; some of them were handsome, and many of them were great lady-killers. Their deprivation prevented them from reproducing their species, but they were able to enjoy the delights of love in an unusually carefree manner. There were the failures, of course; it is sad to record that they usually ended up in church choirs.

The last acknowledged *castrato* was Alessandro Moreschi (1858-1922) of whose voice gramophone records exist; he sang in the choir of the Sistine Chapel, and performed spectacularly at the funerals of two Kings of Italy. Unfortunately he appears to have been an inferior artist, a long way from the great Farinelli.

The revival of the harpsichord and the viols in our day suggests that the *castrato* voice might effectively be revived, as well. In an age of artificial insemination, its sole inconvenience has been removed by science.

Gossiping Traveller

TRAVELLERS' TALES have an undying fascination, and those of travellers long dead hold us not only by their accounts of adventures undergone, but by the details they give of the rigors of travel before our age of ease, speed and safety. What perils they have braved, those adventurers who set out through Europe and Asia in litters, on horseback or on foot! They drank of all waters, and suffered accordingly. They were robbed by wayside bandits, and by the shopkeepers and tavernkeepers who should have cared for them. They slept in lousy beds, often with strangers; they ate the disgusting food prepared in wayside inns by every kind of bad cook. Why anybody travelled before 1850 is a wonder, and points to the indestructible curiosity and courage of mankind.

Wilfrid Blunt has prepared a delightful book called *Sebastiano* (Ambassador $5.50) in which he provides us with extracts and a running commentary from the travel diary of an Italian priest, Sebastiano Locatelli, who travelled from Bologna to Paris and back in 1664-65. Sebastiano was not an engaging young man. His mind is commonplace, and he makes an ungentlemanly fuss about his chastity, which he liked to put in danger, but never quite dared to lose. But he was a good journalist; he had an eye for the significant and racy detail, and he spares us mere guidebook descriptions. Here is a first-rate book for the armchair voyager with a taste for history.

The Bitter Draught

FOR FASCINATING, albeit creepy, reading, you will go far before you improve on *The Book of Poisons* (Ambassador $4.50) by Gustav Schenk, which might bear the subtitle "A Layman's Handbook of Bitter Conducts and Unsavory Guides". The tone of the book is serious; as we read we are not being patronized; and there is no coyness about the nature of the subject. Obviously Dr. Schenk is properly awed by the mysterious and macabre nature of the vegetable and animal poisons, the narcotics, and the poisons incidental to civilization. It is interesting and perhaps reassuring to learn how few really deadly and instantaneous poisons there are, but our smiles of relief disappear when we discover how many poisons are easily obtainable, and indeed are unavoidable in ordinary living.

Dr. Schenk does not quote Havelock Ellis' remark that the judicious use of poisons to enhance life is a measure of civilization, but undoubtedly that is his point of view. His comments on alcohol, tea and coffee, tobacco and betel—the social poisons—are enlightening and pleasantly scientific; he never sets up shop as a moralist. The quality which poison has of enhancing some parts of consciousness and dulling others seems to him to have been imperfectly explored, as yet, and capable of producing new, valuable and possibly agreeable accompaniments to life.

Admirable macabre reading, and would make a good Christmas present. Not for silly people. R.D.

Poetry and Verse

RANGING the high peaks of English poetry over this vast area of literary time, Professor Groom discusses with learning, with love and with sensitive perception what is for some writers a technical problem, for others an impassioned struggle. He points out the personal language process of individual poets by examining words and phrases in their context, by comparing poets, and by tracing fashion in language. The description of Shakespeare's styles over the whole period of the plays is fresh and valuable even though the subject is now well-worn.

Arnold Toynbee

This is a scholar's book which may be read with delight by any reader who enjoys fine poetry.

The Diction of Poetry From Spenser To Bridges—by Bernard Groom—pp. 276, index—*University of Toronto Press—$5.50.*

ACCORDING to the author, only the drawings by Jack McLaren give this little book its value. Mr. Bowles is much too modest. Anyone who has ever been eased out of his early-morning state of trance, surliness, or stupefaction by this mild and agreeable fun with words will never be persuaded to agree with him. M.A.H.

Verse and Verse—by Walter Bowles—pp. 56—*Ryerson—$2.00.*

New Jerusalem

by W. P. Robertson

THE PORTRAIT of Mr. Toynbee that appears on the dust cover should have been a frontispiece. His kindly face would encourage readers to follow this guide through strange paths that lead to some startling conclusions. He states that his aim is not to describe his own personal religion but to give the glimpse of the Universe that he and his fellow professional historians catch in the course of their studies. For all that, his personal religion shines through. He is a Christian, probably of the Church of England. His intimate knowledge of the Bible is displayed on many a page.

While engaged on his monumental work, *A Study of History*, he found himself wondering if he was mistaken in treating civilizations as "the intelligible field of study". It seemed that religion might prove to be the key to the mystery of human life and all the activities of mankind. Can it be that religion is a chariot and the wheels on which it mounts towards Heaven are the periodic downfalls of civilizations?

In this book he faces this amazing thesis and confesses it intimidates him.

The religions of mankind present a bewildering jungle of beliefs, but Toynbee holds that they can all be classified under three heads: The worship of Nature; of Man; of Absolute Reality.

If religion began as Nature Worship, as soon as man feels that he has mastered Nature he moves on to the worship of Man—not individually, of course, but in

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small states. These are combined later as "Oecumenical Empires". Finally he idolizes some "self-sufficient philosopher". All these fail to meet man's deepest needs because they do not provide a right attitude towards suffering.

So we come to the "Epiphany of the Higher Religions". These are seven in number and each made its appearance at the breakdown of a civilization.

Mr. Toynbee's prophetic glimpses into the future are even more intriguing than his surveys of the past. On the Olympian height from which he looks upon the pageant of Humanity, time is not. Six thousand years past and future are less than the twinkling of an eye. So he can suggest that by 5000 A.D., or thereabouts, Mankind may find itself unified as a Universal State. With distance annihilated by jet planes, this State can be really worldwide as no previous Empire has been. Such a state would confer the boon of peace and security. But the price of such security is the sacrifice of freedom. In this regimented world the only freedom left to man would be religious freedom.

The Roman Empire provides an analogy. It tolerated all religions, except Christianity. Finally it had to surrender to that faith. So in this One World Welfare State, the higher religions will be tolerated; they will come to know one another. They will realize that none of them has a monopoly on the truth, for they are not competitive but complementary. They will feel the truth in the plea made by Quintus Aurelius Symmachus: The Emperor Theodotius decreed that Christianity was to be the sole religion of the Empire and prohibited the practice of the old religions; Symmachus said: "The heart of so great a mystery cannot ever be reached by following one road only".

The problem is to distinguish the essentials from the non-essentials in these religions, "to winnow the grain from the chaff in mankind's religious heritage". Mr. Toynbee sees a beginning of this process in that rival and hostile Christian sects are learning from one another. Presumably the reference is to the Oecumenical Movement and the World Council of Churches. So far these have produced no spectacular results.

In an earlier history, *Christianity and Civilization*, he wrote that when the religions of India have contributed new elements to be grafted on to Christianity, "Christianity may be left the spiritual heir of all the higher religions".

Long range prophecy is always a safe venture. Isaiah in the 8th century B.C. predicted a day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation neither shall they learn any more".

An Historian's Approach to Religion, by Arnold Toynbee—*Oxford University Press —$5.00.*

Some New Real Estate Securities

by J. Ross Oborne

UNPOPULAR and virtually unknown to present day Canadian investors, real estate securities are making their appearance after an absence of over twenty years.

This class of securities in the depression years shared the common experience of many investments. Absence of earning power and lack of marketability left an unpleasant reputation, which still exists. It is well known to all of us that investments in real estate in the last ten years have returned capital profits beyond anything that could have been hoped for.

These profits have accrued individually to many who purchased land or a home as a necessity, or to those who owned and worked agricultural lands. In short, the profits came not as a planned investment, but as a fortuitous gain in an expanding economy. Thus, the many have benefited, but to the few who purchased land and buildings as calculated investments have come the richest rewards.

A lack of instruments of investment in the last ten years has kept the many from sharing in the planned investments of the few.

There is nothing really complex about a real estate security. All it is, is a mortgage on a large property divided into small pieces.

Many of us have had experience with mortgages, either as a borrower or a lender. It is well known that from the lender's standpoint an individual mortgage has certain disadvantages. For example, the lender has the responsibility to examine and assess the property from an investment standpoint. He must ascertain that the title is clear. He must see to it that the property is not allowed to depreciate too rapidly, and that taxes and insurance are promptly paid. He must determine that the borrower's financial standing is satisfactory. Coupled with these responsibilities the lender must be willing to accept the mortgage as an investment with a minimum of marketability.

Contrast these disadvantages of an individual mortgage with the attributes of a large issue of a real estate security.

In the first place, a desirable real estate investment is sponsored by a group of investment dealers who have consulted top flight real estate evaluators to examine the properties. They have obtained the opinion of their solicitor on all points, legality of title, and the numerous other details required to protect the investor. They have minutely examined the financial standing of the borrower, and calculated and projected maximum and minimum earnings that would be expected from the properties. They have also determined as nearly as possible the business risk and the possibilities of capital gain.

In short, the investment dealer has done all in his power to ascertain that his clients obtain good value when they purchase the real estates securities that he has to offer.

In addition, and perhaps most important, he creates marketability due to a large investment being widely distributed in small parts.

Two representative real estate issues have been recently marketed by investment dealers.

The first one is Sheraton Limited 5½% due November 1, 1970. This investment in hotels is one where the purchaser obtains a fixed substantial income, but does not share in any capital gains that might result from increased earnings or higher values of land and buildings. From this type of investment, security and past records of earning power are expected in proportion to the return received on the investment.

William Zeckendorf: In Canada.

In the case of the Sheraton bonds these requirements appear to be met. For example, all interest is currently being earned ten times after depreciation, and over a six-year period the coverage is five times. Net depreciated assets equal $2,300 for each $1,000 debenture. Such assets are the Mount Royal, King Edward, General Brock and Royal Connaught hotels.

A 25 million Webb & Knapp (Canada) Limited 5½% due November 1, 1976, combines a senior security with 50 common shares plus the right to buy an additional 50 common shares at a fixed price and during a fixed period.

Although the speculative element is pronounced in this issue, there are many features which give confidence that the business risk has been carefully calculated and is worthy of investor attention.

In the first place, the reputation and credit standing of the borrower ranks high. William Zeckendorf has gained world reputation in such real estate transactions as the Empire State and United Nations buildings. The proof of this is that 80% of this new issue was sold in the United Kingdom and Europe to most sophisticated buyers.

From a management standpoint, the board of directors carries the names of a number of our most outstanding Canadian businessmen.

The use for the money is to build what should be a virtual Rockefeller Centre in the heart of Montreal.

The two issues mentioned above may be the forerunners of many types of real estate securities coming to market. As investors, it may pay us to give them more than passing attention. The past is important, but it should not necessarily act as a deterrent when we look to the future in an economy that is expanding as rapidly as ours.

Protection for "Uninsurables"

by William Sclater

SUFFERERS from heart trouble, cancer, diabetes, arthritis, osteomyelitis, tuberculosis and many other ailments are no longer considered to be "beyond the pale" for accident and sickness insurance. Now thousands of formerly uninsurable people are eligible for accident and sickness insurance at reasonable rates.

What this means can only be properly appreciated by those who have experienced the shock of getting a polite notice to the effect that their accident and sickness insurance was no longer renewable. For some the blow could be softened with a waiver against recurrence or other development of the "barring ailment", but for most the notice was the end of this form of protection.

The new approach came in the form of a study of all the people in the 18 through 70 age group who were in this category in Canada. They all had a normal exposure to other accident and sickness hazards, apart from the single health factor which prevented them securing normal coverage. The vast majority were fully employed—people don't give up work as a rule because they have suffered a minor or even major impairment in health.

The key to the problem was obviously the availability of normal accident and sickness insurance, with a special conditional or qualifying factor that would become operative only in the event of a recurrence of the particular disqualifying ailment, but which would no longer bar them from coverage even against this particular recurrence.

As a result, insurance underwriters are now offering two different types of policies. Both provide standard coverage against accident and sickness and both have slightly modified coverages against recurrence of any impairing physical disorder.

One policy provides for hospital expense such as room and board costs and miscellaneous extras, with no limitation as to the number of hospital visits in any one year. Optional coverages may be added to provide for surgical costs and for accidental death benefits. The only requirement for an impaired person is that the condition is controlled and that normal activity is possible. It is not required that the condition be cured.

For the income-indemnity type of policy, which will replace normal income in the event of accident and sickness interrupting normal earning power, it is also required that the applicant be fully employed, and the amount purchased has the usual limitation of 80% of normal income.

The premium rate structure is based on an elimination or "deductible" period based on the type of impairment.

If, for example, a man is a victim of arthritis, he must have a recovery period of one month at normal activity after an attack before he becomes eligible for a policy. The elimination period for this particular ailment is seven days on a hospital-type policy. It means that if the man suffers from a recurrence of this ailment he must pay for the first seven days in hospital himself. After the first seven days, his policy would take over and provide coverage up to the limit provided of 60 days.

Rates charged for the policies compare quite well with standard accident and sickness rates. For example, a white collar worker who has suffered from diabetes can obtain a policy that will pay him accident and sickness indemnity of $200 a month, in the event of loss of income. Also included with this is an accidental death benefit of $2,000. The total annual premium charged for this policy is $116.80. The total annual premium paid by a man in the same 18-59 age group who has not suffered from an impairment is just over $100.

Premium cost of a hospital-confinement type of policy is based on a daily unit rate. For the same white collar worker who has suffered from diabetes there would be an annual premium of $3.89 for each $1 of daily hospital indemnity. With each $1 of daily indemnity an expense allowance for miscellaneous costs of $10 is included at no additional premium.

Suppose the applicant wants to buy insurance that would pay $10 a day against the cost of hospital room and board, and give him a miscellaneous expense allowance of $100 in addition, to pay for X-rays, medicines and the like. He would multiply $3.89 by 10. This gives him a total annual premium cost of $38.90. If he wants to include surgical cost up to $150 he would add $8.25 to his annual premium. If he also wants to include an accidental death benefit he could figure this at a cost of $2 per annum for each $1,000 of accidental death benefit.

STETSON "Casuals"

This Fall the casual hat comes into its own! Stetson "Casuals" are correct for stadium, town or country and they're wanted and worn by the men of today for their swagger, comfort and style! In velours, suedes and blends, with varied bands and ornaments.

Stetson prices: $9.95, $11.95, $15 and up

Stetson Railbird

AQUANIZED STETSON

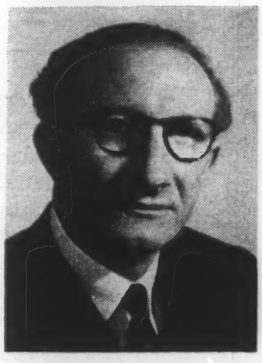
Mallory Hats (Canada) Limited—a member of the Stetson Group of Companies —also has its own smart line of "Casual" hats.

Growing Share of the Market

Three years ago Fred Best came to this country with the firm belief that British cars could sell in Canada. Now Managing Director of the Rootes Co. of Canada, he is leading his company on to new sales records and higher profits each year.

FRED MARTIN SPENCER BEST has always believed that the small car has a place in the Canadian market. Last week this soft-spoken Englishman, who is Managing Director of the Rootes Co. (Canada) Ltd., sat down in his office and summed up the present situation with a smile: "Registration figures in Canada for all makes of automobiles during the first five months of 1956 show an increase of one per cent. This is encouraging. British car sales during the same period show an increase of 18 per cent. This is *very* encouraging".

Best has good reason to be encouraged. His company is making money in Canada—and the profits are going up every year. But the 46-year-old head of the Canadian company is still not satisfied. He feels "we must progressively increase our share of the market".



F. M. S. Best

To accomplish this goal Best is constantly travelling to the three parts depots and 200 Rootes dealers across the country. Last year he travelled over 30,000 miles on these "company rounds". He puts in a ten-hour day and frequently works on Saturdays — "if the boss isn't here, the others won't be". Long working days are an old habit to Best. When he was seventeen he recalls working twelve hours a day for three cents an hour during his apprenticeship.

Born in Manchester England in 1910, he received his high school matriculation from the Bury Grammar school, and then decided to enter the automobile industry because, "I have always been fascinated by motors and cars".

He started as an apprentice with the Sentinel Wagonworks Ltd. in 1927 where he studied manufacturing procedures, parts, service and sales. Eleven years later he felt he had enough factory experience and joined Tilling-Stevens Ltd., one of Britain's pioneer automotive engineering firms. During World War Two he was production manager. At the end of hostilities he was appointed sales manager and travelled extensively through Europe, the Middle East, Australia and South America.

When Tilling-Stevens became a member of the Rootes Group in 1950, Best was appointed Production Manager of the truck division. Three years later he was sent to Canada as head of the commercial vehicles division of the Rootes Group. In 1954 he was appointed Managing Director of the Canadian firm.

Besides supervising the distribution, sales and service of Hillman, Humber, Sunbeam, Singer cars and the two truck lines in the Rootes Group, Best is also General Manager of Canadian Lister-Blackstone Co., distributor of one of the world's largest lines of stationary and marine engines. In addition, his company acts as concessionaire for Canada of Rover and Land Rover vehicles. He is especially proud of the Rover sales which were up 116 per cent in 1955 and which, according to Best, "show promise of even doing much better this year".

His office is located in a modern three acre parts depot in Scarborough's "Golden Mile" area, a township of Metropolitan Toronto. One feature of the building is the giant showroom, where, according to Best, "over thirty Hillmans can be easily displayed."

He is convinced that modern management must learn the business by doing everything. He feels that "management must be firm but pleasant to employees".

Best is extremely conscious of the part women play in the purchase of a car, and he is constantly urging company dealers to pay more attention to the woman while selling. "I don't feel that women play a more important part than they did ten years ago so far as purchases of automobiles are concerned. Women play an important part in the purchase of everything. If a man buys a suit and his wife doesn't like it, he doesn't have it for long. It's the same with a car!"

During his free time Best enjoys golf, bridge and motoring. Quite often he claims he finds himself without a car. "The salesmen seem to make it a habit to sell the very car I am driving. The latest record was achieved when I drove and 'owned' four different cars in six weeks."

BRAZILIAN TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

(Incorporated under the laws of Canada)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the directors of the Company have declared a dividend of one-twentieth (1/20th) of an Ordinary Share and twenty-five cents (25c) (Canadian) on each Ordinary Share outstanding on November 14, 1956, PAYABLE on December 28, 1956, to the holders of Ordinary Shares of record at the close of business on November 14, 1956, and to holders of share warrants to bearer representing Ordinary Shares against surrender of Coupon No. 101.

Provision will be made for the issue of bearer fractional certificates representing fractional interests and for the exchange of bearer fractional certificates aggregating whole shares for share certificates or share warrants to bearer for whole shares. Until so exchanged, the holders of fractional certificates will not be entitled to exercise any of the rights of shareholders or of holders of share warrants to bearer of the Company in respect of the fractional interests so represented and no dividends will be paid in respect thereof. Shares represented by any share certificates or share warrants to bearer issued in exchange as aforesaid will rank only for dividends payable after the date of the issue of such share certificates or share warrants to bearer.

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Where necessary, fractional certificates may be split into smaller denominations and whole shares may be split into fractions, but no splits of whole shares will be allowed after March 15, 1957. Applications for splits must be made to the Company's Transfer Agents, National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada, or The First National City Bank of New York, New York, U.S.A., but applications may be sent through the Company's agent in England, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. Fractions resulting from this Stock Dividend may be combined with outstanding fractions of previous Stock Dividends except fractions in respect of the Stock Dividend of March 1, 1930, unless the right to accrued dividends applicable to the latter fractions when converted into whole share is waived.

Payment of this dividend to non-residents of Canada will, where applicable, be subject to deduction of Canadian Non-resident Income Tax at the rate of 15%. We are advised that for the purpose of computing this tax, the amount of the dividend will be regarded as thirty cents (30c) for each Ordinary Share held.

We are also advised that for the purpose of computing the Canadian income tax payable on this dividend by Canadian resident holders of Ordinary Shares, the amount of this dividend will be regarded as thirty cents (30c) for each Ordinary Share held.

Coupons may be lodged for payment on and after December 28, 1956, at any one of the following offices:

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Banque Lambert, S.C.S.
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Nagelmackers Fils et Cie.

In FRANCE, at Paris:
Lloyds Bank (Foreign) Limited.

In the NETHERLANDS, at Amsterdam:
Amsterdamsche Bank N.V.

In SWITZERLAND, at Geneva:
Lloyds Bank (Foreign) Limited.

In the UNITED KINGDOM, at London:
The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In CANADA, at the Head Office of the Company:
25 King Street West, Toronto.

For the convenience of holders of share warrants to bearer of the Company, arrangements will be made for the payment of that portion of the dividend payable in money in Canadian currency at any of the offices specified above, against surrender of Coupon No. 101 accompanied by completed listing forms, and for such office to obtain the share certificates or share warrants to bearer for whole shares, or bearer fractional certificates for fractional interests, for that portion of the dividend payable in shares, from Lloyds Bank (Belgium), S.A. at Brussels, Belgium, or from National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada; all subject to compliance with applicable laws and regulations.

Listing forms and full information as to the procedure to be followed can be obtained in Brussels at Lloyds Bank (Belgium), S.A., or in Paris, Amsterdam, or Geneva at the specified banks, or in the United Kingdom from the Company's agent, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. or from the Company in Toronto, Canada.

DATED at Toronto, Canada, the 6th day of November, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
R. T. DONALD,
Secretary.

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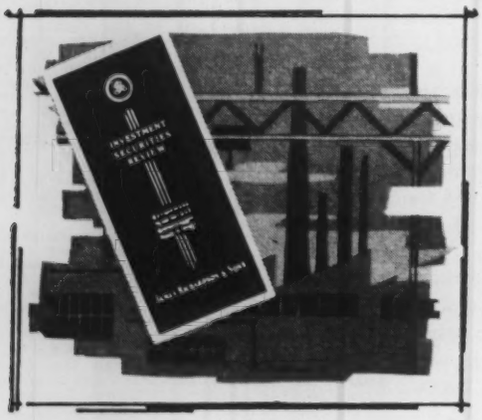

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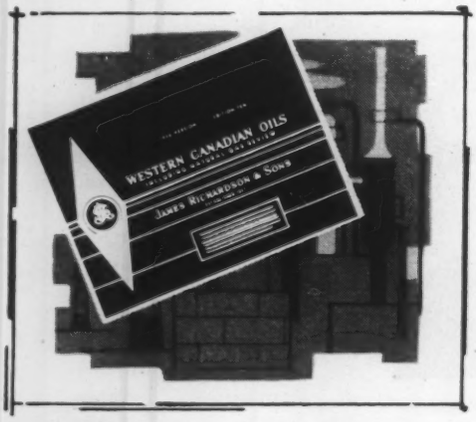

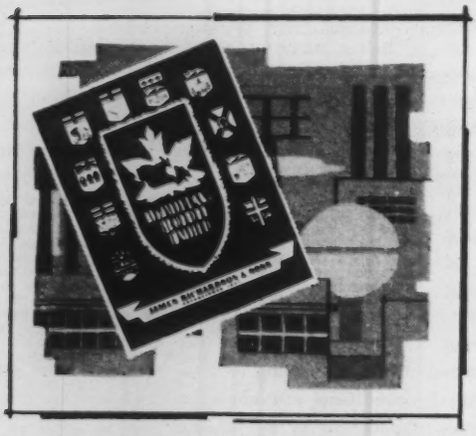

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Ontario Jockey Club

What is the rating of the 5½% sinking fund debentures of Ontario Jockey Club, with warrants to buy common stock? Are they a good bet?—G. H., Stratford, Ont.

Ontario Jockey Club debentures are a better bet than many of the selling platers at the several tracks the company operates. Population growth prospects for the Toronto area suggest that the company knew what it was doing when it located its New Woodbine track on the outskirts of the city. Central Ontario is apparently the locale of a vast number of optimists who are so interested in improving the breed of horseflesh that they will line up at the mutuel wickets for weeks after the Canadian geese have gone south.

The 5½% S. F. debentures appear to be backed by good security. They carry the right for each $1,000 principal amount to buy 100 shares of common at from $3 to $5 a share for another five years. The stock has recently been selling at $2.25. It earned 28 cents a share in 1955.

The debentures, carrying warrants, have latterly sold off slightly in keeping with higher interest rates. Some speculative attraction has to be conceded. The speed with which the public takes to the New Woodbine track will have an important bearing on earnings and prospects for the common.

Prairie Pipe Mfg.

As a regular reader of your valued column, I would appreciate your opinion of Prairie Pipe Mfg. 6% bonds with a bonus of common.—C. H., Newmarket, Ont.

Prairie Pipe Mfg. is one of the dynamic new industries based on the western oil and gas development which has come in the wake of the Leduc oil discovery of less than a decade ago. The company stands to be a substantial beneficiary of this development. It embarked on construction of a new pipe mill at Regina only after a study by the consulting firm of Stevenson & Kellogg, which stated that the market for welded pipe in Saskatchewan alone appeared "certain to provide sufficient volume to support the proposed mill for at least 10 years, so long as the present differential between prices and costs is maintained."

Orders expected over a 10-year period from the Saskatchewan Power Corporation, a provincial government-owned utility with a virtual monopoly of the

distribution of natural gas in the province, would alone be almost sufficient to cover all production costs and scheduled debt retirements. The Commission is to take all its 3-inch to 16-inch diameter pipe (within the range of Prairie's production set-up) from Prairie for a four-year period and 50% for a further six years. This agreement carries certain conditions which Prairie should have no difficulty in meeting and the Corporation agrees not to take advantage of cut-throat competitive prices that may be offered from other sources in order to embarrass Prairie as a result of having established itself in Saskatchewan.

All this adds up to prospects for the company which can at least be described as interesting. They explain the speed with which the market snapped up the offering of 6% bonds, carrying a bonus of 150 shares per $1,000 bond.

Lake Cinch

Would a flier in Lake Cinch Mines be likely to pay off?—A.N., Sydney, N.S.

The market valuation of Lake Cinch concedes some attractions in the situation. The company will probably commence shipments of uranium ore next summer to a custom mill in the Beaverlodge district, and these will presumably continue until the end of the contract period at March, 1962—a period of, say, four and a half years. The question then is the extent to which the stock buyer at these prices can recover his purchase price out of earnings realized and distributed during this period. Since market valuation is of the order of $3 millions and since officials are discussing earnings of $1 million a year, the chance of writing the investment down does not appear to be unfavorable.

Campbell Chibougamau

Would not Campbell Chibougamau be an attractive buy in view of its earnings, which were $2.29 a share in its first year of production? How are its ore reserves? —B. F., Ingersoll, Ont.

The $2.29 a share net which Campbell Chibougamau racked up in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1956, is impressive but has to be considered in relation to the three-year exemption from corporate income taxes which new Canadian mining producers enjoy.

Campbell showed an operating profit of $9,678,374 from metal production valued at $16,782,910. From operating profit it deducted $2,070,000 for depreciation. $520,000 for Quebec mine taxes, lesser sums for other items, to arrive at a net profit of $6,927,357, on which the $2.29 figure is based.

Although the mining and financial press reported the earnings in this way —leaving no room for misunderstanding

What is the Best Investment?

Bonds . . . Debentures . . . Preferred Shares . . . Common Shares? This depends a great deal upon the needs of the investor . . . his age, responsibilities, present position and prospects.

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them — metropolitan dailies apparently let inexperienced reporters handle the story. They reported the $2.29 net earnings without mentioning the special circumstances which they reflected.

The operating profits of the company are interesting for the indications they provide of earnings which can be won under favorable and normal tax charges.

The company's future has to be judged in relation to the price of copper—which seems to be settling at more conservative levels—and to what further exploration and development will turn up.

Opemiska Copper

Would Opemiska Copper be a good copper stock to buy for a quick turn?—L. T., Halifax, N.S.

Opemiska has already experienced generous market appreciation as a result of the promise of the Chibougamau property, which it commenced to mine as a salvage proposition. It was, however, fortunate in finding other ore and this has enlarged its prospects.

The company has secured indications of some low-grade copper and it will be interesting to see what luck it has in enlarging the tonnage. The more tonnage added, the more economic the low grade becomes.

With a large number of shares concentrated in a single holding, Ventures Ltd., the stock naturally fluctuates more than one which is widely distributed. This might argue that Ventures thinks highly of the project but it is hardly the same type of technical situation as one which represents a greater balance between supply and demand.

Vested in the project is the ambition to participate in a copper smelter for Chibougamau. Whether the Quebec government would give this proposal a green light, in view of the prior existence of a proposal by another group to put a smelter at Chicoutimi, is a moot question.

In Brief

How is Arsenic Lake Silver Mining doing?—O.F., Sherbrooke, Que.

Dormant but still alive.

What is the status of Argonaut Gold Ltd.—G.C., Owen Sound, Ont.

The ship went down years ago.

What about Columinda?—H.C., Toronto.

Still not much doing.

Is Groundhog Gold Mines Ltd. operating?—B.D., Oshawa, Ont.

Still hibernating.

I have shares of Grull-Wihksne Gold Mines. Are they worth anything today?—E.M., Chatham.

No.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

LAST THREE awards made by the British Chess Federation in composing tourneys were for two-movers with 107 problems competing, for three-movers with 52 entries, and for self-mates in two moves with 73 positions. The tourneys were conducted by the British Chess Problem Society, with the judges respectively R. C. O. Matthews, Oxford; E. H. Shaw, Harrow, Middlesex; and E. Boswell, Lancaster. Boswell is a specialist on self-mates.

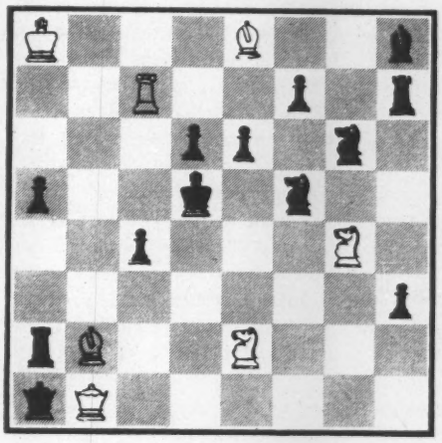
We give the first prize two-mover, sent from Israel. Three of the other four prize two-movers have capture keys:

Solution of Problem 153.

We have set for Black's Q-Kt3; 2.R-QB4 mate, for PxP; 2.Kt-K4 mate, and for Kt-B4; 2.Kt-K6 mate. Solution reveals that the first two mates follow changed defenses (Rukhlis theme), and the third has instead a change-mate. Key-move 1.Kt-K8, threatening 2.QxP mate. If P-Kt4; 2.R-QB4 mate. If R-Q4; 2.Kt-K4 mate. If Kt-B4; 2PxP mate.

Problem No. 154, by I. Neumann.

White mates in two.



Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"HOW'S THE NEW house?" asked Jack.

"Fine!" Jim laughed. "When Hydro's through and we get the 'phone, that is." He paused, getting it straight in his mind. "We didn't move far, you know: only a short ways down the road and still in the hundreds."

"Betty'll be glad of that," commented Jack. "But what number?"

"Something like the old one," said Jim. "If you add the old one and the new numbers together and multiply by the difference between them, you get one more than what you'd get if you just multiplied the numbers together."

It wasn't too tough a teaser for Jack, as he knew the old address. It didn't take him long to see what his friend meant by "something like". But you'll have to do it the hard way. (36)

Answer on Page 46.

Upon My Word!

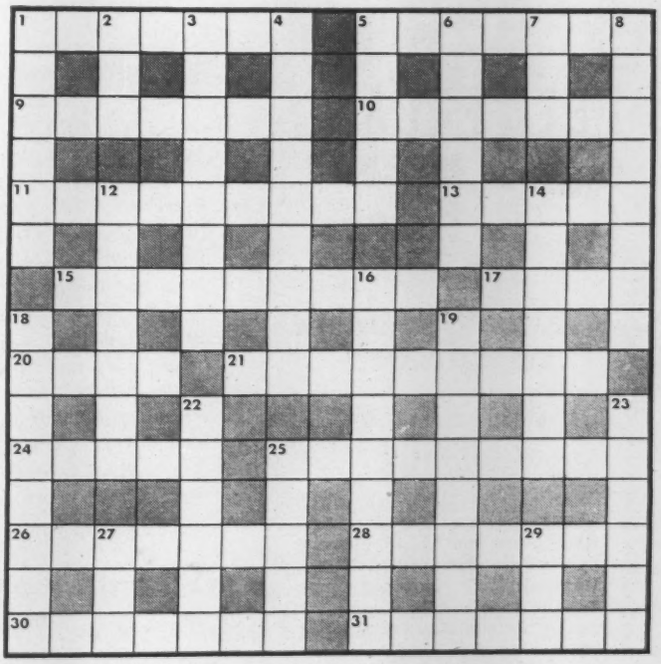
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 2, 7, 2, 8. Repeated reckoning that made 13. (7, 3, 3, 3, 8)
5 It's a cert art is changing. (7)
9 It was her blot to be found in such a place (7)
10 The British breed two animals in one. (7)
11 I rent guns to make an armed one. (9)
13 The sleight-of-hand performer shows his age? A boy wonder, no doubt! (5)
15 The Royal Engineer gives himself airs, it seems. (9)
17 So blue, and no lie! (4)
20 I had a go at this. Why don't you? (4)
21 She drives them crazy. (9)
24 Who searched the Bible to find him? (5)
25 Just the right person for a get-together! (9)
26 I tear in, when not suffering from this. (7)
28 Let the copyist do it. (7)
30 Swell General? (7)
31 It's a sign of big business, no doubt. (4, 3)

DOWN

1 The people have no privacy! (6)
2 See 1A
3 Benefits from good will. (8)
4 When time was precious? (6, 3)
5 Metal-worker? (5)
6 The dead-ringer did. (6)
7, 8 See 1A
12 What 6, jingles on these. (7)
14 This worker makes a habit of it. (7)
16 Unusual things with which to bind books of fiction! (9)
18 Mrs. Sprat? (8)
19 Though particular, apes squirm with lice. (8)
22 Who said "It is a far, far better thing to become a comedian"? (6)
23 Father of the author of "The Good Companions"? (6)
25 Want to carve? (5)
27 This General's return looked fishy. (3)
29 Bother! I'm in bad odor again! (3)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 See 1D
6 Mango
9 Armistice
10 Lydia
11 See 29
12 Ending
14 Easel
15 Pod
16 Ages
18 See 1D
20 Aim
21 Erred
25 Recant
26 Ebb-tides
29, 11 Apple-pie order
30 See 1D
31 Lisle
32 See 8

DOWN

1, 1A, 30, 18A An apple a day keeps the doctor away
2 Armlets
3 Kestrels
4 Elide
5 Seed
6 Melons
7 Nodding
8, 32 Oranges and lemons
13, 24 Adam and Eve
15 Pear
17 Rest home
18 Air mail
19 Accepts
22 Ridotto
23 Deserts
24 See 13
27 Bread
28 Etna (403)

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By Order of the Board.

K. M. SEDGEWICK,
General Manager.

Montreal, October 22, 1956

Letters

Protestants and Sceptics

I have just read "Ste. Anne de Beaupré: Myth or Miracle?" by Hugh Garner in your latest edition. Concerning a discussion with Father Lefebvre, director of pilgrimages, Mr. Garner comments: "I told him that I was a Protestant, and a sceptic." The inference seems to be that the terms are practically synonymous. Mr. Garner's statement serves to illustrate a kind of loose thinking which is all too prevalent. Let a man believe in anything or nothing, religiously, and he is a Protestant! Let a man worship in no Church or belong to no Christian organization, and he is a Protestant! Let a man simply be a non-Roman Catholic, and he is a Protestant! Nothing could be further from the truth, historically and in the contemporary scene . . . Until or unless an individual goes beyond scepticism, he has no right to the title "Protestant", irrespective of how morally noble or mentally conscientious he may be. There are too many poachers on this property.

TORONTO (REV.) GORDON C. SMYTH

Parlor Pinks?

It is most evident that you should hire a new correspondent in the United States. Your present one appears to be associating exclusively with the parlor pinks and fellow travellers in the East.

The article by Max Freedman on Vice President Nixon displays this taint. I know of many voters who would not have voted the Republican ticket, if Nixon had not been nominated . . .

Your front page article on Secretary of State Dulles reveals the same bias. He is paid to represent the United States, which he has done. Certainly, if he had been Secretary of State during the Korean War, General MacArthur would not have been removed, but would have been permitted to finish his work . . .

SEATTLE, WASH. ARTHUR O. ARMSTRONG

Flow of Ideas

The editorial "The Flow of Ideas" . . . points out a widespread malady of the world today. Technology has advanced enormously, even to the point of extreme danger in some fields, but *human* communication, not merely *technical* communication, has lagged badly . . .

Unless humanology (to coin a term) overtakes technology, the end is in sight for modern civilization and perhaps for mankind itself. . . .

Your editorial writer might profitably discuss in this regard the following question: Why, in view of the urgent need, is an international auxiliary language not adopted, taught, and used . . ?

LONDON, ONT. HAROLD MASON

White Supremacy

We were extremely impressed by Dr. Norman J. Berrill's article on "The Myth of White Supremacy" . . . We have never read such a well presented thesis on this problem and highly commend Dr. Berrill for writing and SATURDAY NIGHT for publishing such a thought-provoking article. However, one question has come to mind: Who is Dr. Berrill? What is his vocation?

SASKATOON DON BAILEY

Editor's note: Dr. Berrill is Professor of Zoology at McGill University.

In these days of rapid transit between continents, it is interesting to visualize the time, several generations in the future, when complete miscegenation will have taken place. White, black, brown and yellow races will be merged into a sort of dun color. A blue-eyed person will be as rare then as an albino is now.

TORONTO N. L. SIMPSON

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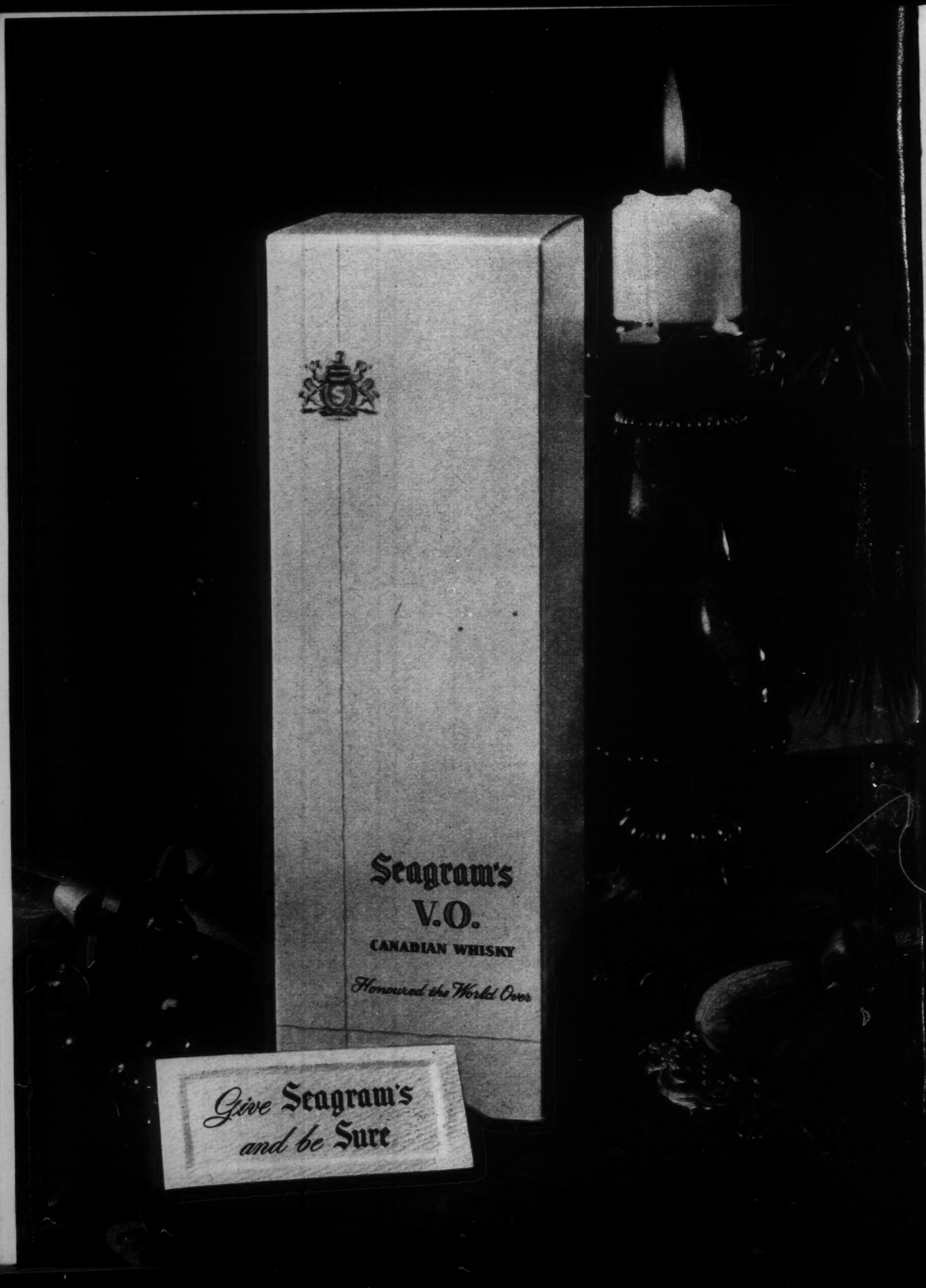
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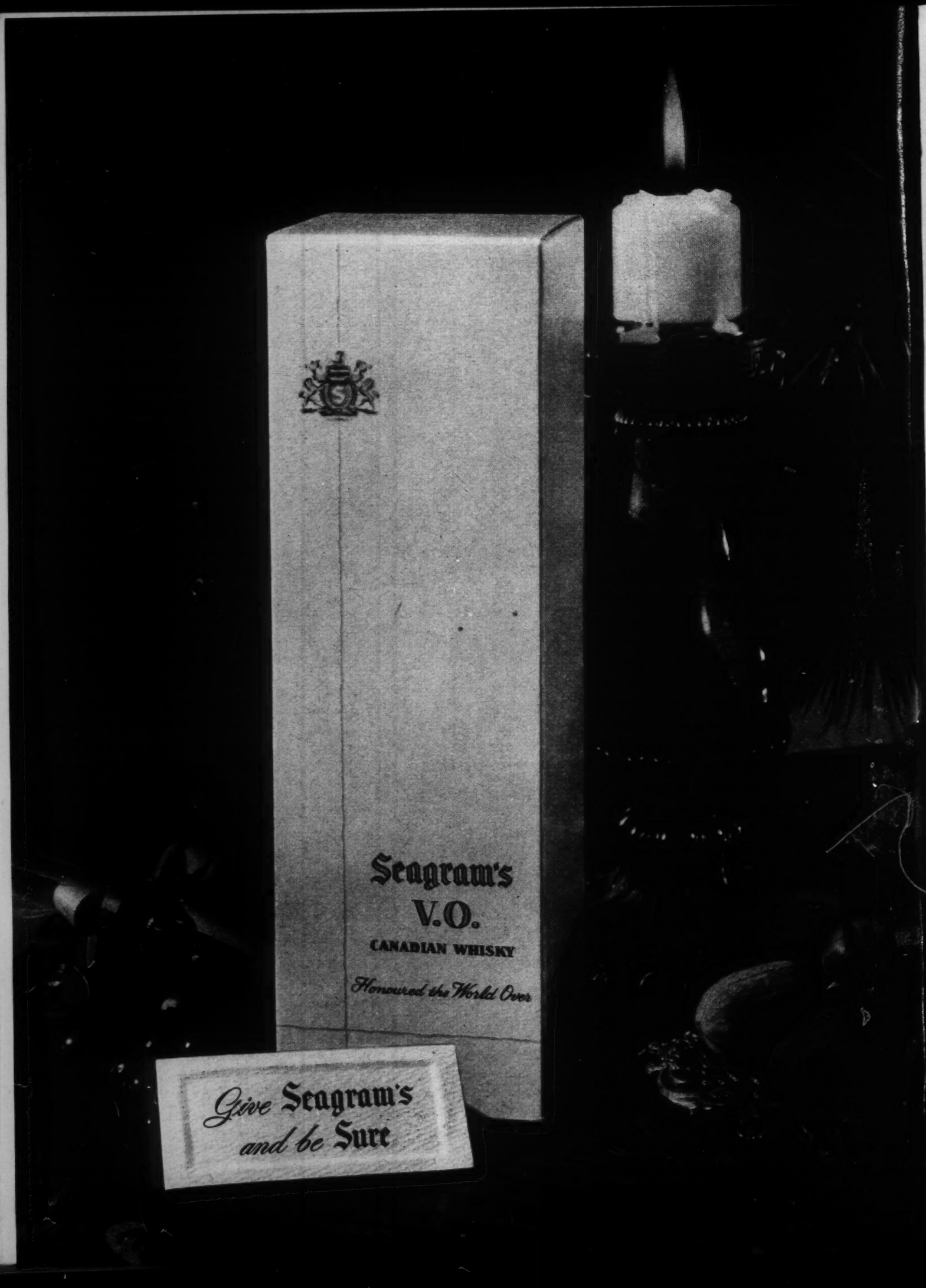
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